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E. L. GARVIN & Co.

PUBLISHERS

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

OFFICE } 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1847.

VOL. 8, No. 26.

PANSIES.

CHILDHOOD.

"Sister, arise, the sun shines bright,
The bee is humming in the air,
The stream is singing in the light,
The May-buds never looked more fair;
Blue is the sky, no rain today:
Get up—it has been light for hours;
And we have not begun to play,
Nor have we gathered any flowers.
Time, who looked on, each accent caught,
And said, 'He is too young for thought.'

YOUTH.

"Tonight, beside the garden-gate?
Oh, what a while the night is coming!
I never saw the sun so late,
Nor heard the bee at this time humming!
I thought the flowers an hour ago
Had closed their bells and sunk to rest:
How slowly flies that hooded crow!
How light it is along the West!
Said Time, 'He yet hath to be taught
That I oft move too quick for thought.'

MANHOOD.

"What thoughts would'st thou in me awaken!
Not love! for that brings only tears—
Nor friendship! no, I was forsaken!
Pleasure I have not known for years:
The future I would not foresee.
I know too much from what is past:
No happiness is there for me,
And troubles ever come too fast.
Said Time, 'No comfort have I brought;
The past to him's one painful thought.'

OLD AGE.

"Somehow the flowers seem different now,
The daisies dimmer than of old;
There's fewer blossoms on the bough,
The hawthorn buds look grey and cold;
The pansies were another die
When I was young, when I was young!
There's not that blue about the sky
Which every way in those days hung.
There's nothing now looks as it 'ought.'
Said Time, 'The change is in thy thought.'

AS IT SHOULD BE.

BY EDWARD YOUNG.

Is this as it should be?

Wolf of Stomach! Wealth is fed;
Riches miss no daily bread.
Tooth of Winter! Woollen stuff
Yields to riches warmth enough.
But the poor say, in their sorrow,
Eat to-day, but crave to-morrow:
And the poor say, Garments old,
Give free trespass to the cold.

Is this as it should be?

Fount of learning! At thy brink
Willing wealth may stay and drink:
But the poor man may not learn,
When he has his bread to earn.
Weary limbs make weary brain;
He may scanty knowledge gain;
But must plod, and plod, and plod,
Till he yields him to the sod.

Is this as it should be?

Scorner of a poor estate,
Sit in chambers of the great;
Give God thanks that thou hast dined:
Famine moaneth on the wind.
Thou art warmly wrapped and fed;
Shivering thousands beg their bread;
For thy fulness maketh scant,
Hoarding that which others want.

Is this as it should be?

TWO SCENES ON THE DANUBE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Translated by Mary Howitt.)
TO DAY IS SUNDAY.

It is Sunday in the calendar; it is Sunday in God's beautiful nature! Let us go out into the hills toward Mehadia, the most delightfully situated of all the watering-places of Hungary. What a mass of flowers are in bloom in the tall green grass! What gushes of sunshine upon the wood-covered sides of the

hills! The air is blue and transparent. To-day it is Sunday, and therefore all the people whom we meet are in holiday attire. The smooth, black, plaited hair of the girls is adorned with real flowers; with a spray of laburnum, or a dark red carnation; the white chemise sleeves are embroidered with green and red; the petticoat resembles a deep fringe of red, blue, and yellow: even the old grandmother is dressed in fringe, and wears a flower in her white linen head-band. Young men and boys have roses in their hats; the very least is arrayed in his best, and look splendid; his short shirt hangs outside his dark-coloured breeches; a spray of laburnum is wreathed round his large hat, which soon half buries his eyes. Yes, it is Sunday to-day!

What a solitude there is in these hills! Life and health gush in water out of these springs; music resounds from the stately, large pump-room; the nightingale sings in the clear sunshine, among the fragrant trees, where the wild vines climb from branch to branch.

Thou wonderful nature! to me the best, the holiest of churches! In the midst of thee my heart tells me that "this day is Sunday!"

We are again in Orsova. The brass ball upon the church-tower shines in the sun: the door is open. How solitary it is within. The priest stands in his robes and lifts up his voice; it is Father Adam; little Antonius kneels before him, and swings to and fro the censer; the elder boy, Hieronymus, has his place in the middle of the church, and represents the whole Armenian congregation.

In front of the church, in the market-place, where the lime-trees are in blossom, there is a great dance of young and old. In the middle of the circle stand the musicians; one blows the bag-pipe, the other scrapes the fiddle. The circle twists itself first to the right, then to the left. Everybody is in their utmost grandeur, with fringe, flowers, and bare feet. To-day it is Sunday!

Several little lads run about in nothing but a shirt; upon their heads, however, they wear a large man's hat, and in the hat a flower. Official people, gentlemen and ladies all dressed in the fashion of Vienna, walk about to look at the people, the dancing people. The red evening sun illumines the white church tower, the amber-coloured Danube, and the wood-crowned mountains of Servia: may it shine also in my song when I sing of it! How beautiful and animated! How fresh and peculiar! Everything indicates a holiday. Everything shows that to-day is Sunday!

AT DRENCOVA.

About sunset I walked alone in the wood near the little town, where I fell in with some gipsies who had encamped round a fire for the night. When I returned back through the wood I saw a handsome peasant-lad standing among the bushes, who bade me good evening, in German. I asked him if this were his native tongue; he replied in the negative, and told me that he commonly spoke in the Wallachian language, but that he had learned German in the school. To judge by his dress he appeared very poor; but everything that he wore was so clean; his hair so smoothly combed; his eye beamed with such an expression of happiness; there was something so thoughtful and so good in his countenance, as I rarely have seen in a child before. I asked him if he were intended for a soldier, and he replied, "Yes, we are all of us soldiers here; but I wish to be an officer, and therefore I learn everything that I can." There was a something in his whole manner so innocent, so noble, that actually, if I had been rich, I would have adopted that boy. I told him that he certainly must be an officer; and that no doubt he would be one if he only zealously strove after it, and put his trust in God.

In reply to my question, whether he knew where Denmark was, he thought with himself for some time, and then said, "I fancy it is a long way from here—near Hamburg."

I could not give an alms to this boy; he seemed too noble to receive charity; I asked him, therefore, to gather me a few flowers; he ran away readily, and soon gathered me a beautiful nosegay. I took and said I shall buy these flowers. In that way he received payment; he blushed deeply, and thanked me sweetly. He told me that his name was Adam Marco. I took one of my cards out of my pocket, and gave it to him, saying, "Some day, when you are an officer, and perhaps may come to Denmark, then inquire for me, and your happiness will give me great pleasure. Be industrious, and put your trust in God! There is no knowing what may happen!"

Never did any unknown child ever make such a strong impression on me as the first meeting, as did this. His noble deportment, his thoughtful innocent countenance, were his best patent of nobility. He must become an officer; and I will do my little towards it: committing it, it is true, to the hand of chance. And here I make my bow to every noble, rich, Hungarian lady, who, by any chance, may read this book, and who perhaps, for the "Improvisatore" and "The Fiddler," may have a kindly thought; the poet beseeches of her—or if he have, unknown to himself, a wealthy friend in Hungary, or in Wallachia, he beseeches also of him—"To think of Adam Marco in Drencova, and to help your little countryman forward, if he deserve it!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF SYRIA.

BY JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. M.P.

That nations led on by conquerors to conquest should in their turn be conquered is only an exhibition of retributive justice. Upon the fate and fortune and vicissitudes of war, they stake their greatness, and they must wait the chances of the struggle upon which they have entered. The history of war is so little associated with the history of civilization—though romancers tell a different tale—that the overthrow of the great marauding monarchies of old claims little of our sympathy, and none of our regret. It is seldom that the invading army leaves aught behind it but desolation and destruction. If it sometimes herald a happier and better state of things, it is only when peace has restored the tranquillity which war has disturbed; it is only when the

plough again furrows the battle-field; and the resound of the anvil, the activity of the shuttle, and the beat of the engine, replace the clash of swords, the trumpet's clarion, and the thunder of artillery.

But of melancholy sights, one of the most melancholy is, a spot where the seats of ancient commercial activity—the abodes of busy multitudes, once engaged in the peaceful pursuits of industry—have become depopulated:—where a deteriorated atmosphere, and a neglected cultivation, have introduced disease and death into the fields of health and diligence.

In the most northern province of Syria, at the end of a magnificent bay, which would seem to invite into its waters the trade of the world, and which once was the recipient of ships innumerable, stands Scanderoun; or rather, there stand a few mean houses which occupy the place where Scanderoun once stood. It is a most unwholesome place—pestiferous as the Pontine marshes, and not inhabitable in certain seasons of the year. As no draining carries away the noxious waters which are deposited on what was once a region of extreme fertility, there is a perpetual exhalation of offensive vapours, which are kept by the range of the Taurus mountains, overhanging the town like a funeral pall. Yet, as Scanderoun is still one of the great outlets from, and inlets to, the northern provinces of Syria—and through them, by way of Antioch and Aleppo, to the markets along the banks of the Euphrates, and into Mesopotamia, and some parts of Armenia and Persia—Scanderoun is still occupied by a few European agents, who transport the goods for the houses established in the interior. But wretched it is a wretched spot—one house alone, that of the British Vice-consul, presenting the appearance of external decency and interior comfort. I remember being struck with the pleasing manners, and pale, fair visage of the consul's lady, and hearing with some surprise that she had been in Australia. It seemed a strange destiny for a gentlewoman to have been transported from the antipodes to such a spot. But if among the living there was not much to interest, I felt greatly moved when I trod among the monuments of the dead. The burial place still exists, and many a tombstone bears an English name. There sleep multitudes of those "merchant adventurers" who for several centuries carried on trade in the East. The Levant trade was, in our early commercial history, the most important and the most profitable in which we were engaged. Three voyages to the Syrian coast in Saxon times are said to have entitled the merchant to the rank of nobility, and to the title of Thane. There are enough—too many, indeed, by far—to sing the deeds of our fighting men, and record the triumphs, by sea and by land, of those whom the world calls heroes. In my reflections it appears a nobler fight, and a higher heroism, to have led the conquests of commerce, and to have planted the standards of peace. Among the nettles and the briars, the reeds and the rushes, of the plain of Scanderoun, I traced under the moss and lichens of the broken tombstones names which in those days represented the highest influences which our country has exercised—the influences of civilization. There sleep the men who brought the manufactures of the West to exchange for the silks and the spice of the East—the men who in their day and generation helped to establish and extend the honour and the reputation of the English merchants' character. It always stood high; may it ever so stand in the opinion of the world!

It was on board an Egyptian vessel-of-war that I first took my passage to Scanderoun, and I had many opportunities of observing the peculiarities of Oriental and Mahomedan character. When the wind was contrary, there was always confusion, and bustle, and uncertainty, and conferences among the officers as to what had best be done. When a calm prevented our progress, there were all sorts of surmises as to the cause; both adverse and serene weather were attributed to supernatural agency; and on one occasion, when we had made no progress for two or three days, the lieutenant of the vessel came to a European physician who was on board, and told him there was a report among the sailors that he had dead men's fat in his medicine-chest; and if so, he was requested to throw it overboard, for unless he did so, they were certain we should never reach our destined port in safety. The doctor assured the lieutenant that the abhorred article formed no part of his *materia medica*, nor was, in fact, at all in use in Europe; but the Mahomedan shook his head very incredulously, and hinted that it had better be quietly flung into the sea, if we wished to continue the voyage prosperously; and he afterwards applied to me, requesting I would persuade the physician to get rid of so perilous a companion as dead men's fat was known to be. Many were the stories told of dangers to which ships and sailors had been unwittingly exposed by the carelessness and the rashness of medical men, who employed this unguent; which they said might be very safe and salutary on shore, but was most pernicious and perilous at sea. When however, a fair and fresh breeze sprung up, no more was said about dead men's fat; but I am persuaded the sailors and their spokesman attributed the favouring gale either to our having listened to their request, and got rid of the dangerous appurtenance, or to the fact that their suspicions had been groundless, and that there was truth in the doctor's disavowal of having brought any of the dreaded ointment on board. We were favoured with a good many specimens of Mussulman credulity; and an Imam (or Mohammedan priest, who was on board) kept up the superstitious temper of a portion of the crew to a pretty considerable elevation. The religious rites were practised by many of them with great regularity and fervour; but I was struck with the amount of scepticism that prevailed. When the Imam was absent, the subordinate officers rather enjoyed turning him and his observances into ridicule, and became somewhat bold free-thinkers. The most devout of the sailors were undoubtedly the most ignorant. Those who never failed in their ablutions, their prayers, and their attention to the Imam, were the negroes—who listened with infinite reverence, and obeyed with cheerful alacrity. The oriental habit of public prayer appears somewhat ostentatious, at least to a person of European usages or prejudices. At the call to prayer—in whatever company he may be, and however engaged, a Mahomedan falls down on his knees, and silently repeats the wonted supplication, bending his head to the ground the accustomed number of times. I have seen a man of rank in the midst of a sentence, on hearing the voice of the Muezzin, fling down a rug, throw himself on his knees, assume the attitude of prayer, close his eyes, silently repeat the Bismillah; and having thrice bent his forehead to the earth, rise up, and resume the conversation, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt it; making not the slightest reference to the obligation imposed upon him by his faith of discharging a religious duty, but deeming its public discharge so much a matter of course as to be intelligible to everybody.

Along the Syrian coast, many spots are pointed out as distinguished by events sacred both in Jewish and Mahomedan history. I recollect a broad, white, irregular line, which runs down the side of the mountains on the Lebanon range, westwards towards the Mediterranean Sea. My attention was called to it by one of the ship's company, who informed me the white track was made by Allah, who had scattered ashes to enable Noah and his descendants to find their way when they left the ark. Whether the Mahomedan

tradition believes the ark to have been landed upon Lebanon, or that the white road is continued to Mount Ararat, I know not; but the history of the deluge, and the names of Noah and his children are familiar to Mahomedan ears. In fact, Mahomedanism has much in common with Judaism and Christianity; drawing its historical facts from the same sources, and recognizing to a great extent the same authorities. One would suppose that the points of agreement might induce the professors of these religions to look upon one another with something like charity. There is too little of this charity everywhere—perhaps less in the Levant than anywhere else. It often occurred to me there, that Christianity meant hatred of Jews and Mussulmans—Mahomedanism hatred of Christians and Jews. The Jews, being oppressed by both, very naturally respond to both by distrust and antipathy. I shall never forget an answer which a Syrian Jew made in my presence to a Christian who treated him with contumely. "You say your prophet was a Jew; if he taught you to hate my nation and me, he taught you to hate his own people—and what would you have me think of him?"

We have entered the bay, we have landed in the town of Scanderoun. The flags of the different European powers are floating over their vice-consular establishments. That of Austria is pre-eminent in size and ostentation; that of France second in display; the flag of England, though it represents by far the greatest commercial interest in these regions, is a small and mean affair, eclipsed indeed by the prouder exhibitions of its competitors. The world is full of such examples. The noisy and the hollow—pride and poverty—vanity and weakness—big words and small doings—pretence and pusillanimity—are but too often associated.

The gloomy impressions left by Scanderoun are not diminished as you track your way—the way traced by the caravans of commerce—through Antioch to Aleppo. We stopped at Bilan, a place once celebrated for its manufactures, especially of gold and saddlery. The multitudes of goldsmiths that once crowded this place are now reduced to three; and only one saddler is left, the melancholy fragment of an ancient renown. But the city is beautifully situated: it looks as if suspended on the side of the mountain. It has, however, been invaded by the mountain torrents, which rush down the walls of many of its former palaces. Ruin has fallen upon ruin; and amidst the wreck of past splendours a few miserable wanderers are here and there discovered. We scrambled over the tomb of Abderachman Pacha, once the governor of the province, to the habitation he formerly occupied. Its position is splendid; behind, the fine range of hills—the Taurus range—stretching from Anatolia on the northern side; before, another ridge of hills, variegated and beautiful, over which were dashing multitudinous streams, mingling in and urging onwards the deeper river below. The abode of Abderachman is rapidly falling into decay; and in mounting the stairs, I fell through the rotten planks, and was grievously hurt in consequence. Most of the apartments admitted the wind and rain. We made our way to the interior—the once inaccessible harem—and there we found shelter and repose. Still, there was peril in walking over the decayed floors; and when we looked up to the ceilings, or surveyed the walls, we felt that if not to-day, at no very distant to-morrow, the palace of Abderachman would be mingled with the utterly ruined palaces around.

We joined the cavalcade of travellers, principally merchants on their way to Antioch. They amused themselves with hawking; and many of them carried a hawk in their hand, which they let loose as game attracted their attention. We passed by magnificent forests, some of which were being felled by woodcutters, sent by Ibrahim Pacha, to furnish timber for the Egyptian dock-yards. Wherever the scanty population had cultivated the fields, there was striking evidence of their fertility and productive powers. What might not such a country become in the hands of industrious peasants and opulent landlords! While population presses (as it is called) upon subsistence—while in so many parts of the world there is such an excess of labourers, and such a deficiency of food—is it possible that regions like these should be abandoned to sterility and desolation?

Onwards we passed to Antioch; it stands at the extremity of a long and fertile plain. The road to it is often traversed by streams, and I was attracted by the variety and beauty of the wild flowers, which, indeed, are a charm in every part of Syria, from the Orontes to the Dead Sea. There are many ruined bridges; many extensive burying places, with the remains of sepulchral monuments, seemingly of great antiquity; we passed through spots which had been covered with human dwellings—some still appear on the map as inhabited villages,—but not a tenable town or a village did we find. Approaching Antioch, on the side of the hill, are entrances to caves hewn out of the rocks; these we were told were the churches of the ancient Christians—and the followers of Jesus we know were first called Christians at Antioch. They had been used for Christian worship nearly down to the present time. They have the appearance of sepulchres. A church has been lately built in the city. I attended the religious services there. They were according to the Greek ritual. Multitudes of women were in the outer edifice,—within, were men and children. A priest was reading the service in Arabic. It is said that Antioch contains a thousand Mahomedan, a hundred Christian, and fifty Jewish houses. The streets are strangely constructed,—there are elevated pavements on each side, close to the houses, along which foot passengers travel; between them a deep ditch where horses and camels pass and re-pass. Both to the east and the west of Antioch is a large extent of available land, which might produce food for tens of thousands of people. Yet Antioch is frequently visited by scarcity. When I was there, not only was the price of bread enormously high, but the supply was wholly insufficient. Antioch was dependent upon corn to be imported from far. The question has been lately launched, whether the most rapid communication to the East would not be by the Orontes and Antioch, through Aleppo Bir and the Euphrates, to the Persian Gulf; the difficulties, if not insuperable, are so many and so serious, that there is no chance of such a line competing with Egypt,—the Nile and the Red Sea. The Orontes is not a navigable river. In many places it is shallow, in others rapid—in some interrupted by bridges. Then the transit to the Euphrates is wearisome and laborious,—and even when the Euphrates is reached, its navigation is perilous, while the marshy districts of Lennoun are nearly impassable, and can only be made otherwise at an enormous cost.

Aleppo is well deserving any attention which may be given to it. Commerce is there carried on in its ancient forms—and the traffickers we find such as visited Tyre and Sidon in the days of Phoenician glory. There are the caravans with the produce of Elam,—and as in patriarchal times when Abraham and Jacob boasted of the multitudes of their camels and asses, so now the traders who visit the bazaars of Aleppo make the same display. Still the sight may be witnessed of the "Ismaelites coming from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." Still may be seen the long trains of "camels without number," such as are again and again described in the sacred books—nay, the very proportions which are spo-

ken of, and which four-footed animals bear to the human race, could be found not far from there existing to the present hour. In the statistics founded on 1 Chron. v. 18-29, it is said that to 100,000 men there were 50,000 camels, 250,000 sheep, 2,000 asses. And about the same relative numbers would be met with now. When the Jews returned from the captivity, then indeed the proportion of camels to asses was but small, 435 to 6,720,—a striking proof of the poverty to which the nation had been reduced by long servitude. In the time of Job we have an interesting description of what was deemed very great opulence: for he possessed 3,000 camels, and 7,000 sheep, and 500 yoke of oxen, and 500 she asses, an amount of property somewhat equivalent to the possessions of the richest Sheikh of Arabia at the present time. The possession of large numbers of camels is still, as it was in the times of the patriarchs and the prophets, the mark of the highest opulence. The promises of Isaiah to the Jews were, that "multitudes of camels should cover their land" (Judea). "The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come, they shall bring gold and incense." In the perfect similitude between the present and the past is the great charm of the Oriental lands, and Oriental manners. Aleppo and Damascus are now, what Aleppo and Damascus were two or three thousand years ago. The great outlines remain the same, and even in the details the resemblance is interesting in the highest degree. The caravans which travel westward from Mesopotamia, Persia, and all the regions along the Euphrates, bear the same sorts of commodities, pass through the same towns and territories, are subjected to the same dangers and difficulties, are accompanied by the same varieties of tribes—traffickers and travellers—in a word, are characterized by the same associations as twenty or thirty centuries ago. The bazaars present the same objects—the manner of barter is the same—their journey as they journeyed—they rest as they rested. There are no hostilities for man or beast—no provision but that which is made by the ambulatory community; long and weary is the transit—a few miles a day—the whole journey of many months duration—delay everywhere—dispatch nowhere—time is the commodity to which no price or value attaches in the East.

When will this state of things be altered? How long will the *vis inertia* which has preserved the usages of the remotest times resist the influences which are revolutionizing the world? Will the lands which in spite of Persian and Roman invasion preserved their distinguishing characteristics—will the regions which have seen in turn the principles of Paganism, of Judaism, of Christianity, and of Mahomedanism—and yet present through all the same seemingly indelible marks—will they present an invincible barrier against the wider and stronger tides which are put in action by a higher civilisation, a more adventurous commercial spirit, and wider triumphs of art and science? I cannot believe it: whatever may have been impotent in the past, the power of communication is omnipotent now.

The heralds that preach improvement are already visible. The spirit of changeful progress is moving in silent but successful march towards the Orient.

I was a few years ago on a visit to the Emir Beshir, the Prince of Lebanon, whose beautiful palace—one of the most graceful productions of Oriental architecture—hangs on the side of the hill; its *Beit-el-Din* (the House of Faith) behind the Capital Deir el Kamr. Its domes touch the clouds, and brave the thunder-storms. A lightning conductor in such a spot attracted my notice; and I asked the prince who had taught him to protect his royal residence from the terrors of the thunderbolt? He said that in a voyage to Egypt he had seen an iron rod above the top-mast of an English man-of-war. Inquiring into its use, he found that when it touched the thunder cloud, it carried away the lightning, as a water-spout conveys the water; and he said if it will protect a ship at sea, will it not save a house on shore? And he ordered the experiment to be made. And now, said he, the thunders and the lightning burst and blaze over my palace as they will; it is safe, and I am safe. The storms are conquered, and I am at rest. This is but a foot-print marking the onward steps of intelligent man. This is a record which instruction has left in the discharge of her universal mission.

When our steamers first appeared on the Syrian coast, they were believed by the inhabitants to be vessels of which the Spirit of Evil—Djins or Eblis—fiends of hell had got possession, and their presence was said to prognosticate every species of calamity. The Holy Land was about to be invaded by fiery monsters, arriving from regions unknown, and threatening the whole region with devastation and destruction. The Mahomedans fancied that the Christians had entered into new alliances with the infernal powers, and Islam was menaced by novel and appalling dangers. In a few years, the head of Islamism—the Lord of the Caliphate—the descent of the prophets—became, first a buyer, and then a builder of steam-boats. Constantinople communicates by them with Trebisonde and Beyrout,—and Scanderoun and Alexandria,—with Rhodes, and Crete, and Cyprus,—to say nothing of India and the whole European world. And the greatest of Mahomedan Sovereigns passes much of his time in his steamers on the Nile—with them he has reached the Cataracts. Hundreds and hundreds of travellers pass, and are constantly mounting and descending from Alfé to Boulac. Nay, the Arabian Gulf itself is perpetually traversed by these fire-conducted conquerors of wind and wave. They often bear the Mussulman devotees (pilgrims) to the port of the holy City of Mecca—to Djedda itself. I once asked Mehemet Ali how it happened that Mahometan saints (Hadjis) could employ the steamers of Christian infidels (Giaoours) to convey them to the sainted spots of Moslem piety? "The Koran has not a word in it against steamboats," was the prompt and sagacious reply of the Egyptian prince; and on another occasion he said, "You have much to be proud of,—but of nothing have you such a right to be proud, as having subdued steam, and by subduing steam, subduing the sea and the storm."

JAVA.

(Concluded from last week's "Anglo American.")

Javan diversions are not at all of the same humane and gentle character as those just cited. Although mild and peaceable in disposition, the Javans are passionately fond of fights between animals. Whilst beholding these encounters, their usual calm gravity and mysterious reserve disappear, and are replaced by the noisy, vehement eagerness of an excited boy. Cock fights are in great vogue, and in many an old Javan poem the exploits of the crested combatants are related in a strain of laughable magniloquence. But other and more serious contests frequently take place. Before speaking to them, we turn to Dr. Selberg's spirited account of a tiger hunt, which occurred during his stay at Surabaya.

Tigers of various species abound in Java. The commonest are the royal tiger, and the leopard, of which latter animal the black tiger is a bastard variety. Cubs of both kinds are frequently found in the same lair; and when the black tiger is very young, leopard-like spots are discernable on its skin. As it grows older, they disappear, and the hair becomes of a uniform black. In the interior

of Java much mischief is done by these cowardly but bloodthirsty and cunning beasts.

In the neighborhood of the large European settlements, accidents are less frequent, the tiger shunning populous districts, and retreating into the forest on the approach of man. When one makes its appearance, the authorities generally order a battue. Very few, however, are killed, though a price is set upon their heads, and they continue to destroy about three hundred Javans per annum, on a moderate average. This is, in great measure, the fault of the natives themselves, who instead of doing their utmost to exterminate the breed, entertain a sort of superstitious respect for their devourers, and carry it so far as to place food in the places to which they are known to resort, thinking thereby to propitiate their foe, and keep his claws off their wives and children. They themselves, when compelled to oppose the tiger, or when led against him by their European allies, show vast coolness and courage, the more remarkable, as in ordinary circumstances of danger, they are by no means a brave people. Raffles quotes several anecdotes of their fearlessness before beasts, and Dr. Selberg furnishes one of a similar kind.

"A Javan criminal was condemned by the sultan to fight a large royal tiger, whose ferocity was raised to the highest point by want of food, and artificial irritation. The only weapon allowed to the human combatant was a kreese with the point broken off. After wrapping a cloth round his left fist and arm, the man entered the arena with an air of undaunted calmness, and fixed a steady menacing gaze upon the brute. The tiger sprang furiously upon his intended victim, who with extraordinary boldness and rapidity thrust his left fist into the gaping jaws, and at the same moment, with his keen, though pointless dagger, ripped up the beast to the very heart. In less than a minute the tiger lay dead at his conqueror's feet. The criminal was not only forgiven but ennobled by his sovereign."

A tiger having attacked and torn a Javan woman, a hunt was ordered, and Dr. Selberg was invited to share in it. He got on horseback before daybreak, but the sun was up and hot when he reached the place of rendezvous, where he found a strong muster of Europeans and Javans. "In front of us was a small wood, choked and tangled with bushes: this was the tiger's lair. At about twenty paces from the tree, we Europeans posted ourselves, with our rifles, twelve paces from each other, and in the form of a semicircle. Behind us was a close chain of several hundred Javans, armed with long lance-kreesses, and short swords. If the tiger broke through our ranks they were to kill him after their fashion. The natives—those at least who have not served as soldiers—being unskilled in the use of fire-arms, are not trusted with them, for fear of accidents. From the opposite side of the wood a crowd of musicians now advanced, beating drums, triangles, and gongs, and making an infernal din, intended to scare the tiger from his lurking place, and drive him towards us. We were all on the alert, guns cocked, eyes riveted to the wood. The instruments came nearer and nearer, and I expected each moment to see the monster spring forth. There were no signs of him, however, and presently the beaters stood before us. Heartily disappointed at this fruitless chase and unexpected result, I was about to join the hunter stationed to my left, when the one on my other hand called a Javan, and bade him thrust his lance into a bush on my right front, between our line and the little wood. Impossible, thought I, that the beast should be there; and I turned to speak to my friend. I had uttered but a word or two, when a rustle and rush made me look round. The Javan stood before the bush, clutching a tiger by the throat with both hands. The brute was already pierced with bullets, lances, and daggers: a broad stream of blood flowed over the face of the Javan, who continued firmly to grasp his enemy, until we released the lifeless carcass from his hands. His wound was not so serious as we had at first feared: a bit of the scalp was torn off, and the nose slightly injured. He stood silent and apparently stupefied, and revived only when an official informed him that he should receive the reward of ten dollars, set upon the head of every tiger."

Although these field-days occasionally take place, the Javans have another and easier way of tiger catching, by means of a magnificent rat trap, baited with a goat, and of which the door closes as the tiger rushes in. The captive is then killed with bamboo spears, or, more frequently, transferred to a strong wooden cage, and taken to a town, where he contributes to the amusement of his conquerors by fighting the buffalo. The Java buffalo is of the largest species, is covered with short, thick hair, and has sharp horns, more than two feet long, growing in a nearly horizontal direction. His color is of a dirty blue-black, and, altogether, he is a very ugly customer, as the unfortunate tiger usually finds.

For these duels between the forest grandee and the lord of the plain, a regular arena is erected, surrounded by strong palisades, behind which stand Javans armed with lances. After the buffalo has been brought into the ring, a native, generally a chief, approaches the cage with a dancing step, accompanied by music, opens it, and retires in the same manner, keeping his eyes fixed upon the tiger. The tiger, who well knows his formidable opponent, comes unwillingly forth, and creeps round the arena, avoiding his foe, and watching an opportunity to spring upon his head or neck. Presently the buffalo, who is almost always the assaulant, rushes with a tremendous bellow at his sneaking antagonist. The tiger seizes a favorable moment, and fixes his long claws in the buffalo's neck; but the furious bull dashes him against the palisades, and yelling fearfully he relinquishes his hold. He now shirks the combat more than ever; but the buffalo follows him up till he pierces him with his horns, or crushes him to death against the barrier. Sometimes friend tiger proves dunghill from the very first, and then the Javans goad him with pointed sticks, scald him with boiling water, singe him with blazing straw, and resort to other humane devices to spur his courage. If the buffalo fights shy, which does not often happen, he is subjected to similar persecutions. But the poor tiger has no chance allowed him; for if he does, through pluck and luck prove the better beast, the Javans, who evidently have not the slightest notion of fair play, or any sympathy with bravery, subject him to an unpleasant operation called the *rampuk*. They make a ring round him and torment him till he hazards a desperate spring, and finds his death upon their lance points.

It is a remarkable fact that the Java tigers seldom or never attack Europeans. They consume the natives by dozens; but Dr. Selberg could get no account of an onslaught on a Dutchman or any other white man. The Javans are well aware of this, and assert, that if a number of Europeans, amongst whom there is only one native, are exposed to the attack of a tiger, the native is invariably the victim. This assertion is confirmed by many examples. Dr. Selberg conjectures various reasons for this eccentricity or epicurism, whichever it may be termed, on the part of the tiger, and, amongst other hypotheses, suggests, that the animal may be partial to the hogoo of the Javans, who anoint their yellow carcasses with cocoa-nut oil. The Javans themselves explain it differently, and maintain that the souls of Europeans pass, after death, into the bodies of tigers—a bitter satire upon those whose mission it was to civilize and improve, and

who, but too often, have preferred to persecute and deprave. Such a superstition demonstrates more than whole volumes of history, after what manner the first acquaintance was made between this artless, peaceful people, and their European conquerors.

The early administration of the Dutch, in Java, was marked by many acts of cruelty. "Their leading traits," says Raffles, "were a haughty assumption of superiority, for the purpose of overawing the credulous simplicity of the natives, and a most extraordinary timidity, which led them to suspect treachery and danger in quarters where they were to be least apprehended." Thus we find them in the sixteenth century, murdering the Prince of Madura, his wives, children, and followers, merely because when he came to visit them on board their ships, with friendly intentions and by previous agreement, his numerous retinue inspired them with alarm. The massacre of the Chinese in the streets of Batavia, in the year 1731, when nine thousand were slain in cold blood in the course of one morning, is another crime on record against the Dutch. Step by step, their path marked with blood, the people who had at first thank fully received permission to establish a single factory, obtained possession of the whole island. On its southern side there are still two nominally independent princes, in reality vassals of the Dutch, and existing but at their good pleasure.

The present character of the Dutch administration is mild; the slaves, especially, now few and decreasing in number, are humanely treated, and, in fact, are better off than the lower order of the free Javans, being employed as house hold servants, whilst the natives drag out a painful and laborious existence in the rice and coffee fields. But however good the intentions of the Dutch government, however meritorious the endeavors of certain governors-general, especially of the excellent Van der Capellen, to civilize and improve the Javans, little progress has as yet been made towards that desirable end. In the interior of the island, where Europeans are scarce, the character of the natives is far better than on the coast, where they have contracted all the vices of which the example is so plentifully afforded them by their conquerors. Dwelling in wretched huts, the cost of whose erection varied, in the time of Raffles, from five to ten shillings, they till, for a wretched pittance the soil that their fore-fathers possessed.

Brutalized, however, as they are, living from hand to mouth, and suffering from the disease incident to poverty and the climate, and from others introduced from Europe, they appear tolerably contented. In the midst of their misfortunes they have one great solace, one consoling and engrossing vice; they live to gamble. For a game of chance they abandon everything, forget their duties and families, spend their own money and that of other people, and even set their liberty on a cast of the dice. It is a national malady, extending from the prince to the poor, including the Liplaps, or half breeds, who generally unite the vices of their European fathers and Indian mothers. The beast fights are popular chiefly because they afford such glorious opportunities for betting. Besides cocks and quails, tigers and buffalos, other animals, the least pugnacious possible, are stimulated to a contest. Locusts are made to enter the lists, and are tickled on the head with a straw until they reach the fighting pitch. Wild pigs are caught in snares and opposed to goats, who generally punch them severely, the Javan pigs being small and possessing little strength and courage. Then there are races between paper kites, whose strings are coated with lime and pounded glass, so that, on coming together, they cut each other, and the falling kite proclaims its owner's bet lost. And by day and night, Dr. Selberg informs us, on the highroads, and near the villages, groups are to be seen stretched upon the earth, playing games of chance. Nor are these by any means the lowest of the people.

The Doctor cites several instances of the extraordinary addiction both of men and women to this vice. He had ordered a quantity of cigars of a Javan, who undertook to make and deliver a hundred daily, for which he was to be paid a florin. For two days the man kept up his contract and then did not show his face for a week. On inquiry, it happened that, although wretchedly poor, and having a large family to support, he had been unable to resist the dice box, and had gone to gamble away his brace of florins. To get rid even of this small sum might take him some time, thanks to the infinite sub-divisions of Javan coinage which descends to a pichi, or small bit of tin with a hole through it whereof 5,600 make a dollar.

When Doctor Selberg left Java, a Dutch pilot steered the ship as far as Passaruang. The man appeared very melancholy, and on being asked the cause of his sadness, said that, during his previous trip, his wife had gambled all his savings. He had forgotten the key of his money box, and, on going home, the last doir had disappeared. Dr. Selberg asked him if he could not cure his better half of so dangerous a propensity. "She is a Liplap, Sir," replied the man, with a shrug, meaning that correction was useless, and a good lock the only remedy. The merchants who ship specie and other valuable merchandise on vessels manned by Javans, supply the crew with money to gamble as the only means to rouse the crew from their habitual indolent lethargy, and ensure their vigilance.

Whilst rowing up the Kalimas, Dr. Selberg was greatly dazzled by the bright eyes, and other perfections of a half-breed lady, as she took her airing in a *tambangan*, richly dressed in European style, and attended by two female slaves. A few days afterwards, when driving out to visit his friend Dr. F., the German chief of the Surabaya hospital, he again caught sight of this brown beauty, reclining in an elegant carriage and four, beneath the shadow of large Chinese parasols, held by servants in rich liveries. Our adventurous Esculapius forthwith galloped after her. Unfortunately, his team took it into their head to stop short in full career—no uncommon trick with the stubborn little Javan horses—and before they could be prevailed upon to proceed, all traces of the incognita was lost. Subsequently the doctor was introduced to her husband, a German of good family, who had left his country on account of an unfortunate duel, and who, after a short residence in Java, where he held a government station, had been glad to pay his debts, and supply his expensive habits by a marriage, with a wealthy half caste heiress. The history of the lady is illustrative of a curious state of society. She was the daughter of a Javan slave, and a Dutch gentleman, the administrator of one of the richest provinces of the island. As is there the case with almost all half-breed children and even with many of pure European blood, she grew up under the care of her mother—that is to say, under no care at all—in the society of Javans of the very lowest order, her father's domestics. The Dutchman died when she was about ten years old, having previously acknowledged, either as his daughter, and left her the whole of his property. The child, who, till then, had been allowed to run about wild and almost naked, was now taken in hand by her guardians, and converted by means of European clothes into an exceedingly fine lady. Education she of course had none, but remained in her original state of barbarous ignorance. Four years afterwards, she became acquainted with the German gentleman

above mentioned, and soon afterwards they were married. Dr. Selberg gives a characteristic account of his first visit at their house.

"I went with Dr. F. to call upon Mr. Von N., but that gentleman was out. 'Let us wait his return,' said my friend, 'and in the meantime we will see what his lady is about, and you can pay your respects to her. N. likes his wife to be treated with all the ceremony used to a lady of condition in our own country.' We passed through several apartments, filled with European and Asiatic furniture and luxuries, and paused at the entrance of a large open room. With a slight but significant gesture, F. pointed to a group which there offered itself to our view. On a costly carpet, lay several of Mr. Von N.'s black servants, both male and female, and in the midst of them was Mevrouw Von N., only to be distinguished from her companions by the richer materials of her dress. A silken *surong* (a kind of plaid petticoat,) and a *kabaya*, of the same material composed her costume; a pair of Chinese slippers of red velvet embroidered with gold, lay near her naked feet. She rattled a dice box, and the servants anxiously awaited the throw, watching with intense eagerness each movement of their mistress. Down came the dice, and with an inarticulate cry the winners threw themselves on the stakes. So pre-occupied were the whole party, that for some moments we were unobserved. At last an exclamation of surprise warned the lady of our unwelcome presence. The slaves ran away, helter skelter. Mevrouw Non N. snatched up her slippers, and with a confused bow to Dr. F. disappeared. I was confounded at this strange scene. My companion laughed, led me into another room, and desired me to say nothing of what I had seen to N., who presently came in, and received us with the unaffected frankness and hospitality universal in Java." The *Vrouw* was now summoned, and after a while made her appearance in full European fig. Conversation with her was difficult, for she could not speak Dutch, and through a feeling of shame at her ignorance would not speak Malay. Neglected by her husband, and placed by her birth in an uncertain position between Javan and European women, the poor girl had neither the education of the latter, nor the domestic qualities inherent in the former. Subsequently Doctor Selberg passed some time in Von N.'s house, and his account of what there occurred, is not very creditable to the tone and morals of Javan society.

Driving out one morning with his host, the latter quietly asked him if he was not carrying on an intrigue with his wife. "You may speak candidly," he said, with great unconcern, and to the infinite horror of the innocent doctor. It appeared that Von N. had allowed his lady to discover a conjugal dereliction on his part, and he suspected her of using reprisals. "She is a Liplap," he said, and though you are only an *orang bar* (a new comer) you know what that means." Shocked at this cynical proceeding on the part of his entertainer, Dr. Selberg left the house on the next day, after presenting Von N. with a double-barrelled gun in payment of his hospitality. Throughout Java, and even where hotels exist, private houses are invariably open to the stranger, and his reception is most cordial. But, on his departure, it is incumbent on him, according to the custom of the island, to make his host a present, sufficiently valuable, to show that he has not accepted hospitality from niggardly motives.

The credulity and superstition of the Javans exceed belief. Dreams, omens, lucky and unlucky days, astrology, amulets, witchcraft, are with them matters of faith and reverence. They believe each bush and rock, even the air itself to be inhabited by *Dhewo* or spirits. Not satisfied with the numerous varieties of supernatural beings with which their own traditions supply them, they have borrowed others from the Indians, Persians, and Arabs. The *Dhewos* are good spirits, and great respect is shown to them. They regulate the growth of trees, ripen the fruit, murmur in the running streams, and abide in the still shades of the forest. But their favorite dwelling is the *Warinzi* tree (*ficus Indica*) which droops its long branches to the earth to form them a palace. The Javans mingle their superstitions with the commonest events of every day life. Thieves, for instance, will throw a little earth, taken from a new made grave, into the house they intend to rob, persuaded that the inmates will thereby be plunged into a deep sleep. When they have done this, and especially if they have managed to place the earth under the bed, they set to work with full conviction of impunity. Bamboo boxes of soil are frequently found in the possession of captured thieves, who usually confess the purpose to which they were to be applied.

During the English occupation, it was casually discovered that a buffalo's skull was constantly carried backwards and forwards from one end of the island to the other. The Javans had got a notion that a frightful curse had been pronounced upon the man who should allow it to remain stationary. After the skull had travelled many hundred miles, it was brought to Samarang, and there the English resident had it thrown into the sea. The Javans looked on quietly, and held the curse to be neutralized by the white man's intervention. Dr. Selberg gives various other examples, observed by himself, of the ridiculous superstitions of these simple islanders. A very remarkable one is given in the works of Raffles and Crawford.

In 1814 it was found out that a road had been made up to the lofty summit of the mountain of Sumbing. The road was twenty feet broad, and about sixty English miles in length, and a condition being that it should cross no water-course, it straggled in countless zig-zags up the mountain side. This gigantic work, the result of the labors of a whole province, and of a people habitually and constitutionally averse to violent exertion, was finished before the government became aware of its commencement. Its origin was most absurd and trifling. An old woman gave out that she had dreamed a dream, and that a deity was about to alight upon the mountain top. A curse was to fall on all who did not work on the road for his descent into the plain. Such boundless credulity as this, is of course turned into account by mischievous persons, and has often been worked upon to incite the Javans to revolt. The history of the island, even in modern times, abounds in insurrections, got up for the most part, by men of little talent, but possessing sufficient cunning to turn the imbecility of their countrymen to their own advantage.

The weakness of the Javan's intellects is only to be equalled by their strange want of memory. A few weeks after the occurrence of an event in which they themselves bore a share, they have totally forgotten both its time and circumstances. None of them have any idea of their own age. Dr. Selberg had a servant apparently about sixteen years old. He frequently asked him how old he was and never got the same answer twice. Marsden remarked this same peculiarity in the Sumatra Malays, and Humboldt in the Chaymas Indians. The latter people, however, do not know how to count beyond five and six, which is not the case with the Javans. Their want of memory renders their historical records of questionable value, producing an awful confusion of dates, in addition to the childish tales and extraordinary misrepresentations which they mingle with narratives of real events.

Although, as already said, the corruption and immorality of the natives in and near European establishments, is as great as their virtue and simplicity in the interior, it cannot be said that crime abounds in any part of Java. Within the present century prayers were read for the Governor-general's safety when he went on a journey, and thanksgivings offered up on his return; now the whole island may be travelled over as safely as any part of Europe. The Javans are neither quarrelsome nor covetous, and even when they turn robbers they seldom kill or ill treat those they plunder. On the other hand they are terribly sensitive of an injury to their honor, and an insult is apt to produce the terrible *Amok*, freely rendered in English as "running a muck." It is a Malay word, signifying to attack some one furiously and desperately with intent to murder him. It is also used to express the rush of a wild beast on his prey, or the charge of a body of troops, especially with the bayonet. This outbreak of revengeful fury is frequent with the Malays, and by no means uncommon amongst Javans. In the latter, whose usual character is so gentle, these sudden and frantic outbursts strike the beholder with astonishment, the greater that there is no previous indication of the coming storm. A Javan has received an outrage, perhaps a blow, but he preserves his usual calm grave demeanor, until on a sudden, and with a terrible shriek, he draws his kreese, and attacks not only those who have offended him, but unoffending bystanders, and often the person he best loves. It is a temporary insanity, which usually lasts till he sinks from exhaustion, or is himself struck down. The paroxysm over, remorse assails him, and he bewails the sad results of his *matta glab*, or blinded eye, by which term the Javans frequently designate the *amok*. Apprehension of danger often brings on this species of delirium.

"Two Javans," says Dr. Selberg, "married men, and intimate friends, went one day to Tjanjur, to sell bamboo baskets. One got rid of all his stock, went to a Chinese shop, bought a handkerchief and umbrella for his wife, and set out on his return home with his companion, who had been unfortunate, and had sold nothing. The lucky seller was in high spirits, childishly delighted at his success, and with the presents he took to his wife; his friend walked by his side, grave and silent. Suddenly the former also became mute; he fancied his comrade envied, and intended to stab him. Drawing his kreese, he fell upon the unoffending man, and laid him dead upon the ground. Sudden repentance succeeded the groundless suspicion and cruel deed, and some Javans, who soon afterwards came up, found him raving over the body of his friend, and imploring to be delivered to justice."

Seldom, however, does an *amok* make only one victim. The Javan women are not subject to these fury fits, but are not on that account the less dangerous. Of an extremely jealous disposition, they have quiet and subtle means of revenging themselves upon their rivals. They are skilled in the preparation of poisons—of one especially, which kills slowly, occasioning symptoms similar to those of consumption. When a Javan perceives these, she resigns herself to her fate, knowing well what is the matter with her, and rejecting antidotes as useless. And European physicians have as yet done little against the effects of this poison, whose ingredients they cannot discover with sufficient accuracy to counteract them. A medical man told Dr. Selberg that copper dust and human hair were amongst them, combined with other substances entirely unknown to him. The dose is usually administered in rice, the chief food of the Javans. Arsenic, another poison in common use is sold at all the bazaars. This poisoning practice is not uncommon amongst Lipap women married to Europeans, and who, though nominally Christians, possess, for the most part, all the vices and superstitions of their Mahometan sisters. The latter can hardly be said to have any religion, for they know little of the faith of Mahomed beyond a few of its outward forms.

It has been remarked, that since Java has been more mildly governed, and that the natives have been better treated by the Dutch, *amoks* have been less frequent. By kindness it is evident that much may be done with the Javans, whose gratitude and fidelity to those who show it to them are admitted by all Europeans, who have lived some time in the island. Another excellent quality is their love of truth. The tribunals have little doubt in ascertaining a criminal's guilt. He at once confesses it, and seeks no other extenuation than is to be found in the usual plea of moral and momentary blindness.

Passarung was the last Javan town visited by Dr. Selberg. He had promised himself much pleasure in exploring the province of the same name, and in examining the various objects of interest it contains. He intended to ascend the volcano of Pe lau Bromo, whose fiery crater, seen from a distance at sea, had excited his lively curiosity; he wished to visit the ruins of old temples, vestiges of Javan civilization a thousand years ago, and to gaze at the cataracts, which dash, from a height of three hundred feet, down the rocky sides of Mount Arjuna. But he was doomed to disappointment. Up to this time his health had been excellent; neither heat nor malaria had succeeded in converting his wholesome German complexion into the bilious tint that stains the cheeks of most Europeans in Java. The climate, however, would not forego its customary tribute, and on his passage from Surabaya to Passarung, he fell seriously ill. After suffering for a week on board ship, he felt somewhat better and went on shore, but experienced a relapse, and was carried senseless into the house of a rich Javan.

He was gradually getting acquainted with the comforts of the country he had so much desired to visit. Already he had been nearly choked by the marsh vapor at Batavia, half devoured by mosquitoes, and almost drowned in a squall. In the island of Madura, whilst traversing a swamp on the shoulders of a native, his bearer had attempted to rob him of his watch, and on his resenting this liberty, he and his boat's crew were attacked, and narrowly escaped massacre. And now came disease, aggravated by the minor nuisances incidental to that land of vermin and venom. Confined to bed by sudden and violent fever, he received every kindness and attention from his friendly host, who on leaving him at night, placed an open cocoa nut by his bed side, a simple but delightful fever draught. Awakening with a parched tongue and burning thirst, he sought the nut, but it was empty. The next night the same thing occurred, and he could not imagine who stole his milk. He ordered two nuts and a light to be left near him: towards night a slight noise attracted his attention, and he saw two small beasts cautiously and steadily approach, stare at him with their protruding eyes, and then dip their ugly snouts into his cocoa nuts. Those free-and-easy vermin were *geckos*, a species of lizard, about a foot long, of a pale grayish green color, spotted with red, having a large mouth full of sharp teeth, a long tail, marked with white rings, and sharp claws upon their feet. Between these claws, by which they cling to whatever they touch, is a venomous secretion that distils into the wounds they make. Dr. Selberg was well acquainted with these comely creatures, and had even bottled a couple which now grace the shelves of a German museum; but in his then feeble and half delirious state, their presence intimidated him; and fancying that if he disturbed their repast, they might transfer their attentions to himself, he allowed them to swill at leisure, until an accidental noise scared them away. Their visit was, per-

haps, a good omen, for on the following day, the doctor found himself sufficiently recovered to return on board his transport. After some buffeting by storms, and a passing ramble in St. Helena, he reached Europe, his cravings after Eastern travel tolerably assuaged, to give his countrymen the benefit of his notes and observations upon the fair but feverish shores of the Indian Archipelago.

THE PHILANTHROPIC ASSASSIN.

Concluded.

While the police were puzzling themselves with all sorts of investigations as to the meeting of the three men at the dyke for secret conference—the plot for the fair—the counter-device of cheating—and the murderous shot—the family of Mr. Stewart arrived in Wittenberg. Mr. Stewart having applied for permission to see the prisoner Einhalter, at once identified him. This, of course rendered his position still more suspicious, and he was subjected to a further and still more rigorous examination. Nothing, however, tending to criminate him in this murderous attempt was elicited.

But a new witness now appeared. Gustav Grimm, the man who had been shot, was not killed outright, but had lingered in a state of delirium, or insensibility, ever since. Though little hopes were entertained of his recovery, he now rallied sufficiently to make the following deposition:—He was left alone with Gottlieb Einhalter. He began to talk to Einhalter. Einhalter was sitting upon a chair, with another chair near him in front. "While he, Grimm, was talking, Einhalter slowly raised his wooden leg, and laid it in a level across the seat of the other chair. He, witness, noticed that the stump pointed directly at his body; and chancing to look up from it to the face of Gottlieb Einhalter, he saw a strange smile, and one eye shut. The next moment he was shot. Einhalter instantly put his wooden leg down upon the floor, and witness saw some smoke come out from beneath the stump. Witness then lost his senses.

Gottlieb Einhalter was once more searched, and all the mystery was clearly explained; in fact, he himself confessed his guilt the moment they laid hands upon his wooden leg, for examination. The leg contained a long pistol tube; in fact the lower part of the leg was a pistol, and the trigger was pulled by means of a string which led up into his right hand side-pocket. He could thus, as he naively observed, with one hand in his side pocket—while, to all appearance, quietly resting his wooden leg upon a bank or other support, or sitting with one leg crossed over the other—take a deliberate aim at his man; pull the trigger, and then down went his pistol-leg upon the ground—and what was the matter? From the moment of his last arrest he betrayed no wish to conceal anything; on the contrary, he showed an anxiety to be extremely communicative. So far from displaying the least signs of a remorse of conscience, he only regretted any pain he might have caused to individuals, whether victims or their relatives; but otherwise he gloried in the murders he had committed. This old man, previously so quiet, guarded, and sedate in his speech and behaviour, now displayed an energy and enthusiasm that were quite surprising. He held up the book which he always carried in his bosom, saying that he was the apostle of a great principle—the executor of a great law—the martyr of a practical philanthropy. Vulgar minds, who judge of everything by their own narrow every-day standard, might consider that he was mad; but the finer intellects of France, of Germany, and of England, would do him justice.

During the time that Gottlieb Einhalter was under sentence of death, communications were made with France, and a number of other murders, previously enveloped in mystery, could now be clearly traced to this misguided man. The account he gave of his fanatical career was to the following purport:—

Gottlieb Einhalter was a native of Tours. His real name was Raoul Croc. He was born on the 4th of April, 1775. His father was a Frenchman, but his mother was a German. She had been a tight rope dancer, before his father married her. His father was a perriquer and barber, and had a little shop on the outskirts of the town. His son was brought up in idleness; he, young Raoul had led a roving life, married early, deserted his wife, and joining the French army, went to Italy. He lost his leg in consequence of the bite of a dog, who seized him one night when on a secret expedition of plunder. He had no pension from Government. But five years afterwards, when he had returned to France, and had taken to a studious life, he chanced among other books to meet with the wonderful work which had been his bosom companion ever since. From this book, to which England claimed the honour of giving birth, he had suddenly received a new light. It came upon him like the flash of a flint in one night. His first victim happened to be Amande Giraud, who had lost his leg at the battle of Austerlitz, and had a pension from Marshal Soult. He shot him one day as they sat smoking together in a little garden. Gottlieb Einhalter made this confession in the most distinct terms. He, however, declared most vehemently that he had no thought of the pension at the time he shot him. It was only when he turned the matter over in his mind, and considered the great principle of action which was in future to be the whole aim of his life, that he came to see there was the finger of Providence pointing to it for his good. He therefore obeyed the inspiration, and passing himself off as Amande Giraud, the agents of Marshal Soult had always paid him the pension. From this hour he had devoted all his energies to rectify the evils of over population, so clearly displayed in the Divine book he carried at his breast—the beneficent production of the great English Malthus! Once, indeed, he—Croc, not Malthus—had suffered a qualm of doubt for several days, and had sleepless nights, in consequence of a friend sending him the roe of a herring wrapped in a multiplication table; but he soon came to perceive that the Divine Author of Over population must eventually, in the course of billions of ages, be right, and all the produce of the sea, as well as the land, be eaten up by the over populated world. Henceforth he went on his way rejoicing, ever mindful of his high mission, ever coming in with his check upon all good opportunities. He confessed, in the course of his efforts in this philanthropic cause, to have killed seven-and-twenty individuals; to have occasioned the execution of five others, who were accused and found guilty of the murders; and to have wounded fourteen others, most of whom, alas! had recovered. His first effort had been made on a fine morning in June, the 1st of the month, 1810. He distinctly stated that these murders had all been committed by him privately, after he had left the army, and were by no means included among the men he might have killed in the regular profession. He set no account by those; it was a mere firing through smoke according to order. He had followed a higher duty. He had chosen the name of "Gottlieb Einhalter" (Lovegod, the Checker) to express a due sense of his calling.

Many questions were put to him concerning the original designer of the pistol-leg; but on this one point he always observed a profound and mysterious silence.

He was asked why he had deserted his wife? He said he did so for her

happiness. His was not a selfish, but a noble-minded affection. She had objected to some of his ways, and he had resolved to make the sacrifice. Was not much given to intoxication at that time—or nothing to signify. On being questioned about the love-letter to the *putzmacherin*, who resided in the suburbs, which had been found in his pocket, he admitted that he had offered her marriage two years ago, and had been accepted; but had never fulfilled the engagement, because that would have put an end to the fine sentiment he entertained; and besides, it was a high and praiseworthy conquest in a man to subdue his passions. Mortify your passions—that was his maxim. His age being asked, he stated that he should be sixty-three on his next birthday. He was asked if he was aware of the course of life his son, Pierre Giraud (so called) was leading in Bourdeaux! He said he was not. On being informed that his son was a known thief, he said he was sorry to hear it; but Pierre had always been an extraordinary boy, and he had no doubt but the money he collected was saved for a high purpose. He should not be surprised if Pierre built a hospital for the poor, some day.

The political opinions of Gottlieb Einhalter, alias Raoul Croc appear to have been unsettled; some of his thoughts on men, and on society, however, are worth recording. He spoke of Fieschi, and the other regicides of France, with much contempt. They were ignorant egotists. He considered that Buonaparte and the Duke of Wellington (next to the vice-and-misery checks of Malthus) had been the greatest benefactors of the human race; but not the greatest men, because they had thinned the populations on no philosophical principle. Mr. Pitt was a great man—a prime cause. Besides the divine work of Malthus, he often spoke of a curious book in German, entitled, "Documentary Exposition of Remarkable Crimes," by Anselm von Feurbach, Knight, State Councillor, and President of the Court of Appeals; Commander of the Order of the Bavarian Crown; Knight of the Russian Order of St. Anne; Commander of the Grand Ducal Order of the White Eagle of the House of Saxony, &c. Great criminals, he said, could only be properly handed down to posterity by authors of the highest titles to distinction. He spoke of the habitual murder-plots of Simon Stigler in terms of respect and discrimination; and entered with much acumen into the case of Anne Margaretha Zwanziger, the woman who was so expert in making oxalic-acid negus, and sugar of-lead cake. He was quite conversant with the Solomon Scales, the Cornish wife-killer; Jacob Solly, who had a passion for shooting soldiers on sentry; and Thomas Pig of Hertfordshire, who killed nine infants with a pipe of tobacco. He was also fond of discoursing of the pyramids and columns made of human skulls by the celebrated hero and architect, Nadir Shah; and he dwelt with peculiar interest on the principle involved in the eighty thousand executions of Henry VIII. of England. These men, he said, were all great benefactors of the human race. They were the magnificent carriers out of the Malthusian theories; they furnished the only sufficient checks and remedies that could be found. Emigration and colonization were mere temporizing; there was nothing for it but killing people.

It had now become evident that Gottlieb Einhalter was by no means a criminal of the vulgar order, or one who was to be regarded and treated in the common way. He in fact considered himself a Great Criminal; and most people seemed disposed to view him in that light.

"He was one of those highly organized natures" (we quote from the Report of the Committee of Savans to the French Academy of Sciences) "which, possessing an excess of imaginative sensibility and the highest elements of philanthropy, aided by a potential will of that extraordinary kind which is at once the master and the slave of the individual, have been propelled by a mistaken principle, to the perpetration of detestable and wonderful crimes." He was visited by all the principal people in Wittenberg, and for leagues round; and particularly by the English residents and tourists, several of whom came from Berlin on purpose to see this extraordinary man. He was extremely affable and communicative. The head jailor assured the visitors that he wanted for nothing. He was asked by an English gentleman if there was anything more that could contribute to his comfort? He said he thought he should like a little *vin de Bourdeaux*, and, by permission of the master of the prison, a dozen of claret was immediately sent to him.

By this time the interest occasioned by his highly original character, almost, to an equal degree with the unprecedented nature of his crimes, had risen to the utmost pitch. Nothing could exceed the excitement. Everybody shared in it. Meanwhile, Gottlieb Einhalter maintained the same dignified and philosophic bearing which had distinguished him ever since his arrest. An artist of eminence, deputed as it was whispered by a personage of the highest rank, requested permission to paint his portrait. He at once consented, and even took pains to sit well, and in the attitude of sitting with his right leg crossed over the other. Seven or eight amateurs, after this, requested to be allowed to make sketches of him, which was also accorded. A plaster cast was taken of his face, by a professor of Physiognomy, and a model in wax of his right leg apparatus and of his right hand. Several literary gentlemen connected with the public journals of some of the towns of Upper Saxony, together with two special correspondents from Bourdeaux and Paris, were sedulously employed from day to day in taking notes from conversations with Gottlieb, with a view to the immediate publication of his Memoirs in the German and French newspapers, to be collected afterwards for a larger work, to be entitled, "Life and Opinions of Gottlieb Einhalter," &c. &c., and translated into English simultaneously, to prevent piracy. Many were the applications for his autographs, and for locks of his hair, and from the highest quarters; so that Gottlieb was at last obliged, though in the most courteous terms, to refuse the latter request, as it began already to effect a change in the appearance of his head, and to render it less picturesque. Amidst all this excitement, which was enough to have destroyed the balance of any ordinary mind, Gottlieb Einhalter never betrayed the least superciliousness or loss of serenity; and although one of the turnkeys declared that when the prisoner thought he was not observed he showed all sorts of signs of being horribly frightened and half mad with his prospect, everybody knew the declaration was a base calumny.

Some benevolent English ladies called to see him, and talked very earnestly with him about a future state, and exhorted him to make the most of the short time allotted to him on earth, and sent him soup from their table, and some clean linen, of which he was much in need. He refused to see the *putzmacherin*, who called daily, to no purpose. He said, "Poor thing; it was all vanity and vexation of spirit." He declared that he died in the Roman Catholic faith, declining, however, for the present, the attendance of a confessor. Mrs. Stewart came to see him, and gave him her forgiveness for the attempt he had made upon her life in the woods at Rolandsbogen, and exhorted him to penitence. As it appeared by his replies that he was of the Protestant persuasion, Mrs. Stewart made him a present of a beautiful prayer book, bound in black morocco and gold. He said it would be a great comfort to him. In an interesting conversation with the head professor of the University, he begged the

professor's intercession with the chief judges, to obtain permission for him to bequeath his cranium to the French Academy of Sciences; his pistol leg to the Museum of Berlin; his copy of Malthus to the University of Wittenberg; and earnestly desired that his heart should be embalmed, and placed in a marble urn, with an appropriate inscription, to be set upon a pedestal in front of the cathedral; he furthermore wished, as a last request, that his mortal remains might then be carried within the walls of the University Chapel, and that he might be buried between Luther and Melancthon. The worthy professor shed tears; but he said he could give him no hopes as to the latter part of his request.

All the English and French residents and visitors indulged in many interesting speculations as to the mode of execution by which the last offices of the law would be performed upon Gottlieb Einhalter, as he was far from being a criminal of a common order. He could only with propriety be executed after the mode practised with all Great Criminals. An English naval officer who was present at one of these discussions, made a thoughtless speech enough. "I would have the infernal dog whipped at the cart's tail," said he, "and then flung into the dyke with a stone tied round his neck!" Everybody was excessively shocked at this unfeeling, this indiscriminating and brutal suggestion. It would certainly have been a strange death for a great criminal like him.

The morning before the execution of this extraordinary man, his fortitude appeared for the first time to desert him. He consented to see the poor *putzmacherin*. He even requested to be left a few minutes alone with her. After she was gone, he appeared very restless; so much so, indeed, that everybody felt real pity for him. His intellect seemed to be shaken, and he was losing himself. The *putzmacherin* came again in the afternoon, and this time he was most anxious to see her. They were left alone, as before, for a few minutes.

It was subsequently discovered, that the infatuated woman had been persuaded to bring secretly to him three or four bullets, and an ounce of gunpowder. She pleaded, in extenuation, that she could not refuse a last request to the dear old man—he always had such a winning tongue.

After the second visit of this deluded woman, he became much more composed. Everybody saw that he was reconciled to his dark fate. They little knew what else was revolving in his mind.

The night before his execution, Gottlieb expressed a wish that the Chief Magistrate of Wittenberg and the Head Professor of the University should breakfast with him, next morning. It appeared, however, from some cause or other, that this request could not be granted; coffee and chocolate, however, with fried pork and onions, and a rich sauce of brown sugar, anchovy, and goose-fat, accompanied with several large slices of *pumpernickel* bread, were furnished him, with which he appeared very well satisfied. He did not seem, however, to eat with a good appetite, but rather a forced one. He also made several anxious inquiries concerning the *putzmacherin*, who, together with her two nieces, he had strictly enjoined to be present at his last moments, and that they might see how he died. He was assured they would all be there; and that some ladies had already sent them a variety of scarfs, silks, and trinkets, to enable them to make a good appearance. He showed signs of a melancholy pleasure on hearing this.

The terrible morning arrived. The University clock proclaimed the hour that was to close the mortal career of this unhappy man. He declared, however, he was not unhappy, and that he died contented and hopeful. He walked with a firm step to the place of execution, which was outside the town, and passing through a lane of spectators. His bearing was self-possessed and imposing. Several ladies fainted as he passed the windows. A bouquet of white roses was thrown towards him by an unseen hand. He bowed gratefully, and laid his hand upon his heart; the confessor, however, would not allow him to receive it. The scene was altogether painful.

Rain had fallen in the night, and part of the way was over rough stones and gravel. Only one circumstance tended to create a little annoyance to him, and to discompose his demeanour, which was that some of the stones and mud appeared to have got jammed into the aperture at the lower end of his pistol-leg, the ferrule of which had fallen off. However, he quickly recovered himself, and walked on as steadily as before.

Arriving at the deadly platform, he ascended the steps without hesitation; bowed gracefully to the spectators all round; gazed at the various preparations with a calm interest; took off his cravat; and seated himself as directed. But when he had done this, his face underwent some dreadful changes. While the executioner's assistant was binding him to the back of the fatal chair for decapitation, he gazed round upon the concourse with a hurried glance, and discovered the *putzmacherin* with her two nieces, all of whom he had enjoined to be present.

They were all attired in full evening dresses, with large gold earrings, jewelled bracelets, and splendid combs in the dark and elaborate plaits of their skilfully dressed hair. Words are scarcely adequate to describe the elegance of the *putzmacherin*, whose finely-rounded arms were continually seen to advantage as she applied to her eyes a large lace-bordered handkerchief of snowy hue, while her magnificent bust heaved up and down with the difficult suppression of her inward emotion. These, indeed, are moments when the pen of the historian most feels its inadequacy. But Gottlieb—how could he bear the thought of leaving her for whom he had entertained so refined and disinterested a sentiment!—how could he leave her to the rude winds of adversity, and the cold scoffs of the common world? He had forecast everything. Placing his right leg across his left knee, so as to point directly at the heart of the unsuspecting *putzmacherin*, he thrust his right hand into his side pocket, and compressed his lips. Just as the executioner advanced behind him with his two-handed sword, a ghastly smile gleamed across the features of Gottlieb—he shut his left eye—and his right elbow was observed to give a smart jerk. An explosion took place! The *putzmacherin* and her nieces were untouched; for the pistol, owing to an over-charge, while its muzzle was blocked up with stones and muddy gravel, had burst, and blown the unhappy man all to pieces! Scarcely a vestige remained of the misguided enthusiast;—and of that finely developed cranium, which he had intended to be presented as a fertile field for discussion and suggestiveness to the French Academy of Sciences;—of that wonderful Idea—his wooden leg, and all its subjective objectivity, which the Museum of Berlin was anxiously expecting by the next post;—of that heart, the seat of all strong emotions of philanthropy (rightly understood), and also of magnanimous self-denial and valour in its Malthusian crusade, against rich and poor (especially the hungry poor);—and of that equally beautiful apparatus, which in the full pride of gastric vitality had been but a day before the recipient of sympathetic English soup (to say nothing of clean linen and claret, and a gilt-edged prayer-book);—no satisfactory specimen could be collected. Nothing but the mere refuse of this wonderfully contrived being lay scatte about

which was soon blown away into the common sewer. Such was the melancholy end of an original thinker and practical philanthropist.

LIFE OF E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

To the Editor of the "Anglo-American,"—Sir: As the writings of Hoffmann are now attracting some attention, perhaps the following sketch of his life, slightly altered from the French, would be acceptable to many of your readers. If so it is submitted for insertion. F.

There is a German author, but lately known in France, and whose reputation here, equals, at present, that of our own most popular writers. At once author, actor, musician, and painter, this person's life appears as fantastic as his writings, bearing no resemblance to the routine of ordinary existence. Enthusiastic and playful, credulous and skeptical, whimsical and overflowing with sensibility, in perusing him we are allowed no time to shed the tears his pathos excites, for they are overwhelmed and forgotten in the hearty laugh which follows some unexpected stroke of that peculiar humour, by which all his writings are enlivened. This man, as original and creative as Shakspeare, Moliere, and La Fontaine, is named Ernest Theodore William Hoffmann.

He was born on the 24th of January, 1776, at Koenigsberg, in East Prussia; poor and deformed, the originality of his character, and the singular nature of the productions of his pencil, are probably owing to the weakness of his constitution. He himself once observed that his tales were extravagant, his designs caricatures, and his music an assemblage of the most outlandish sounds.

His father, criminal judge, and commissioner of justice before the supreme provincial tribunal, designed him for the bar. Hoffmann filled in Prussia some functions in the magistracy, but ere long, the misfortunes of his country, and the invasion of Napoleon reduced him to the necessity of seeking in his talents a means of support. He commenced writing tales and romances, sending the articles to the different periodicals; composed music, directed the orchestra of a company of provincial actors, executed designs and caricatures for dealers in such things, and thus, perhaps, the vanity and uncertainty of his occupations, was the cause of the inconsistency in his character.

Hoffmann from his earliest years had exhibited an insatiable passion for the diabolical. His poor mother dreaded the thought of having given birth to an infant, who had apparently come into the world but as an expiation for the sins committed by his ancestors. In fact his greatest happiness consisted in abusing animals, and forcing them to submit to every refinement of torture. Those of his companions, physically inferior to him, constantly became his victims, and he discovered an indefinable charm in tracing on walls and on the Bible of his grandmother, immense and demoniacal designs. But, wonderful to relate! the death of his mother whom he adored, caused a sudden change in his nature; he became virtuous, obliging, generous, the slave of his friends, and even the death of his cat covered him with grief. His physical condition, indeed, was the index of his moral. He was of the middle height, his eyes piercing and brilliant, and his hair black and profuse, revealing that force of character of which he seemed to present all the elements. He has himself remarked, in his journal, that he looked upon the grotesque as the end and aim of all his thoughts and actions.

The vagrant life led by Hoffmann, added to these traits of character, put him in danger of being stamped with a seal that would cast him out of good society. One day he joined with a young friend of his in a very animated game. His friend having a strong desire to become possessor of the gold that covered the table, and placing little confidence in his own good fortune, entreated Hoffmann, into whose hand he slipped some pieces of gold, to play for him. Fortune was favourable to the young poet, who won for his companion, quite a large heap of money. Seduced by the day's success, he returned on the next to the roulette, determined to play on his own account, and to stake on the issue of a single chance, the little money in his possession. The same good fortune attended him as on the day before, which caused him to believe that he was assisted by some supernatural power. When he was about to quit the saloon two hours before midnight, and was preparing to carry away his windfall, an old officer came up to him, and, placing his hand on his shoulder, sternly addressed him, thus:—"Young man, if this success continues to pursue you, you will, eventually break the bank; but whenever that occurs, it will not prevent your becoming a less easy prey to the devil, than the rest of the gamblers." Having said which, the officer departed.

Safe in his chamber, Hoffmann displayed all his riches upon his table; he who had previously possessed so little, now found himself the master of a fortune, insuring, at least for a long time, his independence. Suddenly the words of the old officer rushed to his recollection, with all their terrible import; he felt as though he had made a compact with the spirit of evil, and as though the gold glittering before his eyes, was but the pledge of a bargain struck with Lucifer himself.

Hardly had the rising sun begun to shine through the window of his little stud, than Hoffmann felt himself penetrated with its sweet influence; the cool night air had appeased the fierce flame which the day before, was burning in his heart. The image of his beloved mother, whom he had lost in his youth, crossed his recollection, he collected all his energies, and made a solemn resolution, never again to touch a playing-card.

Hoffmann completed his education at Berlin. He employed the fruits of his gambling adventure, in making journeys to Dresden, to Prague, and to Vienna. At Dresden, he visited the magnificent gallery of pictures: he felt that he should attempt to imitate these admirable productions; and, for an interval, throwing aside brush and pallet, he employed himself diligently in making designs from the antique and from nature. The fruits of his perseverance being possessed of great excellence, he felt himself competent, in the month of March, 1800, to present himself for his third and last examination.

The latter years of Hoffmann's College life, exerted a great influence over the rest of his career. He devoted himself exclusively to the study of the classics, and formed a friendship with young Hippel, one of his classmates.

The Baron Schleinitz, a person of great learning, and rare generosity of heart, was a near relation of Hippel, the old friend of Hoffmann. This circumstance interested him in the welfare of the young referendary. The protection of a person of such influence, roused his activity; he was looked upon as fulfilling the function of judge in a court of Justice, and was nominated to the office of assessor of the administration of Posen. Arrived at his new residence, after visiting Potsdam, Dessau, and Leipzig, he wanted neither money nor employment. As the nature of his occupations did not permit him the choice of very refined recreations, he indulged to immoderation in the wines of Hungary, and committed an imprudence which provoked his deposition from office, and his exile to Plozk.

Hoffmann excelled in caricature, and he had executed a series of designs,

which contained allusions to certain matters, generally known throughout society in Posen: the resemblance of the faces left no doubt as to the intention of the artist. A friend of his, who afterwards became his good companion, was charged with circulating these caricatures at a masquerade, where he had presented himself, disguised as an Italian pedlar, and had distributed them among the bystanders, taking good care to present each portrait to its original. At first the joke appeared to be relished capitally; but, ere long, the mirth of the assemblage was transformed into rage, and there was a general wish to chastise the insolence of the unfortunate pedlar, who immediately changed his costume to reappear in another, and quietly enjoy the tumult and perplexity which he himself had caused.

As Hoffmann was the only person in Posen capable of making such likenesses, a great personage thought himself much insulted, hurried forward the information to Berlin, the same night, and by express—and thus Hoffmann lost his office.

Before quitting Posen, and in spite of all the remonstrances of his uncle and of his family, he married a Polish lady, who accompanied him in his exile to Plozk, in the spring of the following year.

Hoffmann led a retired life. All devotion to his young wife, he gave up to painting and to music, the little time that was left him from the discharge of his domestic duties. It was at Plozk that he was imprisoned for the first time, on account of an article inserted in the *Fremdenblatte*; this composition gave birth to Schiller's "Bride of Messina." Some time after, he strove for the prize of one hundred frederics of gold, which Kotzebue had offered to the author of the best comedy. "Du Prie," his production, did not obtain the reward; but it placed him in the first rank among his competitors.

He wrote during his exile: "Miscellanies Commenced in Exile in the month of August 1805."—The first scenes of "The Renegade," a comic-opera in two acts:—Faustina in one act, and "Translations from the Italian Poets"; besides several masses and a grand sonata for the piano-forte, after the rules of double counterpoint. He painted portraits and caricatures, and made, also, pen and ink designs after the Hamilton collection of Etruscan vases, which were triumphs of patience and finish of execution, whereas his friends in Berlin obtained for him the office of judge of the administration at Warsaw.

This capital was very well suited to Hoffmann: it contained a national Theatre, a good French troop, an Italian opera, and German comedians; it was here also that he first became acquainted with Weber, who composed music for his opera, "The Cross of the Baltic." He obtained a hall of music in a hotel in Warsaw, which he painted and decorated himself. He directed the concerts, which were attended by all the artists of distinction. But the bad fortune which seemed to have abandoned Hoffmann, pursued him anew. The advance guard of Murat, commanded by general Milhaus, replaced that of the Russian army: Hoffmann lost his place, yet he who seemed thus to be driven into the greatest need was the only one who consoled himself easily. He slept, by reason of his short stature, into all the reviews, and nothing escaped his quick observation.

Hoffmann's first work, was a romance in three volumes, entitled, "Cornaro." The publisher to whom the work had been submitted, was at first enchanted with it; but six months after it was returned with the pretext that the publication of it would be of no benefit to the bookseller, because the author wrote anonymously. This threw Hoffmann into a violent passion; but he afterwards submitted to the necessity, and commenced a second romance, "The Mysterious." All his friends having, by this time, left Warsaw, he found it necessary to seek other means of subsistence, and went to Berlin, where he resided a year. There, misfortunes accumulated. His little money was stolen from his secretary, and he could thus derive no benefit from the operas and designs which his portfolio contained. To increase his distress, he lost his daughter, and his wife was dying. His courage had nearly abandoned him, when he conceived the idea of soliciting the situation of conductor of the orchestra of a provincial Theatre. The place was obtained; its emoluments were very moderate, but sufficed to shelter him from want.

To offer a specimen of his talents, he composed the music for an opera in the possession of Soder, the patron of the theatre at Bamberg, which he was to direct, first starting for Posen to join his wife.

Arrived at Bamberg, new troubles awaited him, for Soder had abandoned his theatre. Hoffmann then offered the services of his pen to the editor of the "Musical Gazette," sending him a "Requiem" which he had formerly written on the model of that of Mozart. Ere long affairs presented a still more unpleasant aspect; the theatre having been retaken by one Holbein, who attached our hero as conductor of the orchestra. Hoffmann earned some money, but, as his expenses far exceeded his receipts, he was thrown into debt. Fortunately one of his uncles who died constituted him sole heir; and Hoffmann received in the letter which gave him this information, the sum of 500 thalers, which partly quieted his creditors. But certain judicial frivolities in a measure prevented him from enjoying the benefit of his new-found fortune. And he was so far reduced that he wrote in his journal of expenses, "Sold my old riding coat, to get a dinner." But, in this wretched condition, Hoffmann, displayed an extraordinary activity; he wrote for the periodicals, translated from the French a method for the violin, designed an Egyptian temple as the model of a country house, painted the curtains and other decorations for the theatre, besides a grand fresco in the chateau d' Altenbourg. His friend Hitzig sent him the celebrated "Pludine," which Hoffmann had solicited from the hands of the Baron de la Mothe-Fouque. He was charmed by it, and, on the 31st of April 1813 was on the road to Dresden. But he arrived in the city at the moment when, on the point of being surprised by the allies, it was saved by the sudden return of Napoleon and his guard. He then resided near the scene of conflict, and frequently adventured himself within fifty paces of the French Sharp-shooters.

He visited the field of battle while it yet presented all the evidences and remains of the late terrible conflict. He saw Napoleon in the height of his triumph, at the moment when with flashing eye he uttered to an adjutant the single word, "Voyons."

A domestic calamity occurred which gave rise to the greatest anxiety; the public conveyance in which he travelled, was overturned on the road, and his wife received a severe wound on the head, under which she suffered for a long time. All these circumstances, added to a naturally irritable disposition, threw Hoffmann into a state of mind more favourable to the acquirement of success in his own particular style of composition than was compatible with real happiness.

At last a better day shone upon Hoffmann. In January 1816, he was appointed to the office of judge in Kammergericht, and some time after "Undine" was represented at Berlin with a pomp unknown before, and amid the acclamations of the audience.

The emoluments of his office joined to the considerable sums paid him by his publishers, procured him affluence. But his riches were his ruin. His money

was consumed by dissipation, and his powerful faculties were weakened by the excesses into which he plunged with all the avidity of his ardent temperament. His end drew nigh. The death of this extraordinary man occurred in 1822. It was caused by the painful disease, the *Tubercles Dorsales*, which entirely deprived him of the use of his limbs.

The mortal remains of Hoffmann repose in the cemetery of Berlin. Upon his tomb is elevated a monument with the following simple inscription:—

ERNEST-THEODORE WILLIAM HOFFMANN,
Born in Königsberg, 24th January 1776,
Died at Berlin, 25th June, 1822.
Judge of Kammgericht,
Distinguished as a Magistrate, as a Poet,
As an Author, as a Painter.
BY HIS FRIENDS.

* We refer our readers to the very just and interesting remarks of Sir Walter Scott, on the character and writings of Hoffmann.

"FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US."

BY C. S.

God Almighty! hear us pray,
Wash our frequent sins away;
Oh, forgive, thro' Christ, thy son,
All the evil we have done.
Here we cannot live an hour,
But we feel the tempter's power:
Sinning still, we look to Heaven,
Still to have our sins forgiven.

We have sinned against thy truth,
Gracious Guardian of our youth;
We have scorned to look above,
And despised thine offered love.
Like the plant that loves to bloom,
Bud and leaf in cheerless gloom—
We've refused thy glorious light,
Satisfied with silent night.

Now, on humbly bended knee,
Constantly we pray to Thee,
Oh, forgive our many sins,
Ere the sleep of Death begins.
Tho' we've sinned against thy grace,
And denied each other place—
Christ has promised we shall live,
If each other we forgive.

Christ has taught us thus to pray,
As we tread Life's toilsome way,
Lord, our sins remember not,
As, our brother's sins we blot.
Then, Almighty Father, wake
(For the blessed Saviour's sake)
These cold hearts, by slumber weighed,
To prize the prayer that Christ has made.

What is man, that he should raise
Scruples to his brother's ways?
What is man, that he should fight,
And dispute his brother's right?
Help us, Jesus Christ, to seek
All that's peaceful, just and meek;
And, while tumult round us rolls,
Bless us with forgiving souls.

Father, upward to the skies,
Lift we our believing eyes—
Knowing that thy grace is free,
Still to pardon such as we.
Father, hasten on the day,
When, from sorrow called away,
Much forgiving—much forgiven,
Joyfully we'll enter Heaven!

April 8. 1847.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR; OR, THE HIGHLANDERS IN SPAIN.—[Concluded.]

After their unsavoury repast, Ronald and his companion walked out to examine the town. In returning to their quarters, the friends rescued a Spanish officer, who, while serenading a lady, had been set upon by a band of assassins; and much comes of the adventure, besides the introduction of Ronald to Donna Catalina, the beautiful and most grateful sister of Don Alvaro—the gentleman whose life had been saved by the gallantry of Ronald and his friend. The Spaniard, as a first mark of his sense of their services, proposed to transfer them from their miserable quarters to his own residence. How much of what follows is the embellishment of romance, how much exact description, we pretend not to say:—

"They halted before a large mansion, ornamented with lofty columns and broad balconies, upon which the tall windows opened; through the curtains bright rays of light streamed into the dark street. Alvaro applied his hand to the large knocker hanging on the entrance door, which appeared more like the portal of the prison than that of a hidalgo's residence—being low, arched, and studded with iron nails.

"*Quien es?*" said a voice within.

"*Gente de paz!*" replied Alvaro, while the light from the passage flashed through a little panel which was drawn aside, and through which they were cautiously scrutinized.

"The door was immediately opened by an aged and wrinkled female servant whose bright black eyes contrasted strangely with her skin, which was shrivelled and yellow as an old drum head. Old Dame Agnes, lamp in hand, led them along a passage, up a broad wooden staircase, and into a noble and spacious apartment, which displayed the usual combination of elegance and discomfort, so common in the house of Spanish nobles. The ceiling presented beautifully painted panels, and a gorgeous cornice of gilded stucco, supported by pilasters of the Corinthian order; while the floor from which they rose was composed

of large square red tiles. Four large casements looked towards the Plaza; they were glazed with glass—a luxury in Spain—but their shutters were rough deal boards, which were barely concealed by the rich white curtains overhanging them. The furniture was oak—massive, clumsy, and old as the days of Don Quixote. Upon the panels of the ceiling, the bases of the pillars, and other places, appeared the blazonry of coats armorial, displaying the alliances of the family of Villa Franca.

"On the table beside a guitar, castanets, music books, &c., stood a large silver candelabrum, bearing four tall candles, the flames of which flickered in the currents of air flowing through many a chink and cranny, as if to remind the three British officers that it was at home only that comfort was to be found. Heat was diffused through the room by means of a pan of glowing charcoal placed in the centre of the floor; and a lady, who sat with her feet resting upon it in the Spanish manner, rose at their entrance.

"As she stood erect, her velvet mantilla fell from her white shoulders, displaying a round and exquisitely-moulded form, tall and full, yet light and graceful. The noble contour of her head, and the delicate outline of her features, were shown by the removal of her black lace veil, which she threw back, permitting it to hang sweeping down behind, giving her that stately and dignified air so common to the Spanish ladies, but of which our own are so deficient, owing, probably, to the extreme stiffness of their head dress. Her skin was fair, exceedingly so for a Spaniard, but the glossy curls of the deepest black, falling on her neck, rendered it yet more so by contrast. Her crimson lips, and the fine form of her nostrils; her white transparent brow, and full dark eyes, shining with inexpressible brilliance, struck the three Scots mute with surprise—almost mute with awe. So showy a beauty had not met with their gaze since their departure from Edinburgh; and even Ronald, while keeping his hand within the breast of his coat upon the miniature of Alice, felt his heart beneath it strangely moved at the sight of the fair Spaniard."

No common romance can move on without the help of some incredible monster, some arch-villain, to work the machinery. Such a one had already been encountered by Ronald in his march to Estremadura. It was the same wretch who led the bravoes that had assailed Don Alvaro on the preceding night; and now, on the march, shot the Scottish ensign from behind a thicket of evergreens, which overhung the road:—

"Ronald Stuart, staggering backwards, fell prostrate and bleeding at the feet of his comrades, from whom burst a wild shout of rage and surprise; the strictness of British discipline prevented any man from moving in search of the assassin.

"*'Hell's fury!'*" cried Colonel Cameron, spurring his horse to the spot, while his eyes shot fire. *'Search the bushes: forward men! Do not fire in case of alarming the rear of the column; but fix bayonets, slay, hew, cut to pieces, whoever you find.'*

"With mingled curses and shouts, a hundred Highlanders dashed through the thicket; but their heavy knapsacks and the tall plumes of their bonnets impeded their movements in piercing the twisted and tangled branches of the thickly leaved laurels. They searched the grove through and through, beating the bushes in every direction; but no trace of the assassin was found, save a broad-brimmed *sombrero*, bearing the figure of the Virgin stamped in pewter, fastened to the band encircling it, which Alister Macdonald found near a gigantic laurel bush, in the midst of the umbrageous branches of which its owner lurked unseen.

"*'It is the hat of Cifuentes—the vagabond of our last night's adventure'*—said Alister, hewing a passage through the bushes with his sword, and regaining the regiment.

"*'I would you had brought his head rather. O that it was within the reach of my trusty stick! I would scorn to wet Andrea with his base blood.'* A frown of rage contracted the broad brow of Campbell while he spoke, holding in one hand a steel Highland pistol, which he had drawn from his holsters for the purpose of executing dire vengeance, had opportunity offered.

"*'By all the powers above!'*" cried Alister, with fierce and stern energy, "if ever this accursed Spaniard crosses my path, I will make his head fly from his shoulders, as I would a thistle from its stalk! nor shall all the corregidores and alcaldes in Spain prevent me. But how is Stuart? Poor fellow! he looks very pale. Has he lost much blood?"

"Ronald, supported on the arm of Even Iverach, stood erect within a circle formed by the officers, who crowded round, while one of the regimental surgeons examined his left arm, which had been wounded by the shot.

"*'O, gude sake, be gentle wi' him, Doctor!'*" said honest Evan, in great anguish."

And every one was gentle; and Ronald was consigned to the yet more gentle leeching of Donna Catalina. The presence of her uncle, the fat prior, gave decorum to the arrangement; but that worthy seldom came in the way of Catalina and her charge—a handsome youth, who had come to fight for her country, and who but last night had saved the life of her brother. What follows is touching. It is not the romance of war, indeed, but the reality of natural sentiment—

"Weak and exhausted from the loss of blood, and his head buzzing with Mendizabal's discourse, right glad was Ronald when he found himself in a comfortable and splendid couch—Catalina's own, which she had resigned for his use as the best in the house—with its curtains drawn round for the night; and he forgot, in a dreamy and uneasy slumber, the exciting passages of the last few days, the danger of his wound, and the sunny eyes of the donna.

"The tolling bells of a neighbouring steeple awakened him early next morning, and brought his mind back to the world, and a long chain of disagreeable thoughts.

"There is scarcely anything which makes one feel so much from home as the sound of a strange church bell; and the deep and hollow ding-dong which rung from the Gothic steeple of San Juan was very different from the merry rattle of the well-known kirk bell of Lochisla. Ronald thought of that village bell, and the noble peasantry whom it was wont to call to prayer; and the association brought a gush of fond and sad recollections into his mind. He felt himself, as it were, deserted in a strange country—among a people of whose language he knew almost nothing; he looked round him, and his apartment appeared strange and foreign—every object it presented was new and peculiar to his eye. He thought of Scotland—of Home—home, with all its ten thousand dear and deeply-impressed associations, until he wept like a child, and his mind became a prey to most profound and intense dejection; suffering from the home sickness an acuteness and agony of feeling which only those can know who have been so unhappy as to experience this amiable feeling; one which exists all-powerfully in the hearts of the Scots, who, although great travellers and wanderers from home, ever turn their thoughts, fondly and sadly, to the lofty mountains, the green forests, and the rushing rivers which they first beheld when young, and to the grassy sod that covers the dust of their warrior ances

tors, and which they wish to cover their own, when they follow them to the land of the dead."

"The feverish state of his body had communicated itself to his mind; and for several days and nights, in the solitude of his chamber, he brooded over the memory of his native place, enduring the acuteness of the nostalgia in no small degree: and even the fair Catalina, with her songs, her guitar, and her castanets, failed to enliven him, at least for a time; his whole pleasure—and a gloomy pleasure it was—being to brood over the memory of his far-off home. The dreams that haunted the broken slumbers, which the pain of his wound permitted him to snatch, served but to increase the disorder; and often from a pleasing vision of his paternal tower, with its mountain loch and pathless pine forests—of his white haired sire as he first beheld him—or Alice Lisle, smiling and beautiful, with her bright eyes and curling tresses, twining her arms endearingly around him, and laying her soft cheek to his—he was awakened by some confounding circumstance, which again brought on him the painful and soul absorbing lethargy, which weighed down every faculty, rendering him careless of every present object save the miniature of Alice."

Gradually Ronald recovered, and slowly began to feel that he had been venturing too far. "Yes," he said to himself, "if I would preserve a true heart and my allegiance to Alice, I must fly from you, Catalina."

"While he reasoned thus with himself, Catalina raised her dark and laughing eyes to his, while she struck the chords of her instrument, and sang a few words of a very beautiful Spanish air. So melodious was her tone, so graceful her manner, so winning the expression of eye, who can wonder that Ronald's resolution melted like snow in the sunshine, and that he felt himself vanquished? Poor Alice! With an air of tenderness and embarrassment, he took the little hand of the donna within his own. She read in his eye the thoughts that passed through his mind: she cast down her long jetty lashes, while a rich bloom suffused her soft cheek. Ronald was about to murmur forth something—in fact, he knew not what—when a loud knocking at the outer gate of the mansion, and the sound of a well-known voice, aroused him.

"Unbar the yett this instant, ye aul' doited gomer! I will see my Maister in spite o' ye," cried Evan impatiently, while Agnes delayed unbarring the door to so boisterous a visiter.

"Caramba, señor! ¿Quien es?" she repeated.

"Gudewife, I speak nae language but my ain; so ye needna waste your wind by speirin' questions that I canna answer."

"At Ronald's desire, the old housekeeper undid the door, which was well secured by many a bar and lock; and he immediately saw the waving plumes of Evan's bonnet dancing above the shrubbery, as he came hastily towards the fountain, with his musket at the long trail, and his uniform and accoutrements covered with the dust of a long day's march. His joy was unbounded on seeing his master, and rapid and quick were the earnest inquiries he made, without waiting for answers, concerning his wound, and how he had been treated by the unco folk he had been left to bide amang—begging the bonnie leddy's pardon."

An old newspaper which was found among Evan's dispatches, came opportunely to cover Ronald's disloyalty; for it announced, amongst its other lying chronicles, the intended marriage of Lord Hyndford—there was then a Lord Hyndford—with the only daughter of Sir Allan Lisle. The brother of that young lady we should have told had now arrived in Spain, like Ronald, an ensign in the "Gordons"; and Louis Lisle was the earliest friend of Ronald.

Though swerving from his fealty himself, Ronald claimed the privilege of his sex to be madly wroth with the faithlessness of Alice; "Hyndford—Carmichael, Earl of Hyndford! Ay! the glitter of the coronet has more charms for her than a subaltern's epaulet. But I would not be my father's son if I thought more of her." And now, like a true man, Mr. Ensign Stuart, when about to be deprived of his mistress, not through his own inconstancy, but her faithlessness, felt the full value of what he had been wilfully throwing away. But this is the romance of printed romances, and our business is with the romance of war. Some of that romance is too horrible, too revolting, to be placed before the reader; though that such scenes have passed, nay, are frequent in lands where this scourge is raging, is but too true. Among these passages is the fate of Donna Catalina, which even a more practised fictionist would not, in all its dreadful horrors, have ventured to present so nakedly. It would have required no ordinary skill to have rendered the catastrophe of Catalina fit for a representation in a work of entertainment. It is enough that this beautiful creature became the victim of the monster-villain of the story. But private sorrow and affection must give way to public duty. Almazet was to be taken; and the British General baffled for a time, at last succeeded in carrying the forts. One of these had been gallantly defended by D'Estouville, the French officer, with whom, when a prisoner of war, Ronald had become acquainted in Edinburgh Castle.

We can not give the long conversation of the officers, aliens in nation but friends in heart, when they met for the last time, and under the most painful circumstances. Life was ebbing fast with Estouville, but his spirit was unchanged:—

"He spoke now with more difficulty, and at longer intervals, 'Glory to France and long life to the great Emperor, and I trust he will think Major D'Estouville has done his duty. Almazet I defended to the last; and Maurice, had you not cut the pontoon we might have effected our retreat. The Emperor would have saved four hundred soldiers of his noble old Guard.'

"And your life, Victor."

"A mere bagatelle! I lay it down in his service."

"Vive l'Empereur!" cried one of his old soldiers, who lay within hearing on their pallets of straw. The shout was taken up by many, and echoed through distant parts of the Chapel. D'Estouville's eye flashed brightly, he waved his hand as he would have brandished his sword, and, exhausted with speaking, and the emotions which the gallant battle cry aroused within him, he again sank backwards, and by the spasms which crossed his pallid features, they saw too surely that the moment of death was nigh. Again, rousing himself from his lethargy, he beckoned to Ronald, who knelt down beside him.

"I would speak to you of Diane de Montmichel," he whispered in tremulous broken accents. "Her husband, Monsieur le Baron—de Clappourknois—the letter I gave you at Truxillo; ah! mon ami, do you not understand me?"

"Indeed I do not D'Estouville."

"The hand of the grim king of terrors is upon me; the sands of life are ebbing fast, and my voice will fail me soon. Monsieur le Baron—"

"Is released from the Castle of Albuquerque, and has passed over to the French lines. Think not of these, D'Estouville."

"I—I would give you a message to Diane."

"Alas, how can I ever deliver it!"

"Pind means, *croix Dieu*? muttered he piteously. "Kneel closer to me. I depend on your honor, Monsieur Stuart. Diane—Diane—"

"What of her? Say—say ere it be too late!"

"But there was no reply. What the Frenchman would have said expired on his lips, and he fell back speechless on the hard knapsack which formed his pillow."

"He never spoke again; but in a few minutes died, and without a struggle."

We might multiply such descriptions, but it is enough to have exhibited the general character of the "Highlanders in Spain." Of connected story, there is little, and even the incidents are of a desultory kind, as the author takes up whatever theme may serve for a sketch of military operation or scenic description. We should have liked to show our readers some of the stronger points—the Passes of the Pyrennees, or the Passage of the Nive—but cannot even quote the account of the brave enterprize of the hero, Ronald, and the small and gallant party which he led in a most hazardous service, though it is the closing scene, and one of the most finished, as a picture of actual war, in the volumes.

When our heroes have, in the three volumes yet to come, fought their way through France, conquered at Waterloo, and returned to Scotland, we may, perhaps, meet them again. Meanwhile, as a farewell to the "Romance of War," we give a glimpse of the field of Vittoria on the day after the battle:—

"As Ronald passed slowly onwards to that part of the heights whence he expected to have a view of the whole battle-field, he beheld the officer whom he had encountered lying dead, pierced with a score of bayonet wounds. A soldier of the light company lay dead across him, with his face literally dashed to pieces by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and so much was he disfigured that it was impossible to recognize him. Close by, a piper of the 71st lay dead with his pipe under his arm; his blood had formed a black pool around him of more than a yard square. Hundreds were lying everywhere in the same condition; but farther details would only prove tiresome or revolting."

"With much difficulty Stuart gained the extremity of the ridge, and the whole soul-stirring display of the field of Vittoria burst at once upon his gaze, extending over a space of ground fully six miles in length. Truly thicker than leaves in autumn, the bodies of men were strewn along the whole length of the hostile armies. The warm light of the setting sun was beaming on the mountain tops; but its lustre had long since faded on the sylvan vale of the Zadorra, where the shadows of evening were setting on the pale faces of the dead and the dying. The plains of Vittoria too, were growing dark, but at the first view Ronald was enabled to perceive, and his heart beat proudly while he did so, that the allies had conquered, and the boastful story of the Gaul was false."

"Afar off he beheld dense clouds of dust rolling along the roads which led to Pampeluna and Bayonne. There the glistening arms were flashing in the western sky, as the brigades of British cavalry swept on like whirlwinds, charging and driving before them *sabre à la main* the confused masses of French infantry, who, when their position was abandoned, retired hurriedly towards the main roads for France. He saw his own division far down the plain driving a column like a herd of sheep along the banks of the river towards Vittoria, beyond which they pursued them, until the smoke of the conflict, and the dust which marked its route, were hidden by the cloud of night."

"But long before this he had begun to descend the hills, and weak and wearied as he was, he found it no easy task to scramble among the furze, briars, and brambles, with which their sides were covered. At the foot of them he found many men of his own regiment lying dead. These had been slain by the fire of a few field pieces, which the French had brought to bear upon them while moving towards Puebla. The moon broke forth when he reached the bank of the Zadorra which he forded, the water rising up to his waist. * * *

"No shrieks now saluted his ears as he passed over the plain; but groans, of agony, and half-muttered cries for water, or pious ejaculations, were heard on every side; while ghastly and distorted faces, the glazed and upturned eyes, the black and bloody wounds of the dead, appeared horrible as the pale light of the moon fell on them. The vast field, although so many thousand lay prostrate upon it, was, comparatively speaking, still; and to Ronald there seemed something sad and awful in the silence which succeeded the ear-deafening roar of the battle which had rung there the live-long day. Many a strong hand was stretched there powerless, and many a gallant heart, which had beat high with hope and bravery in the morning, lay there cold enough at night."

"Little think the good folk at home—those who for days would be haunted by the memory of some sudden death which possibly they had witnessed in the streets—little do those good people imagine, or perhaps care for, the mighty amount of misery accumulated on a single battle-field, and the woe it may carry into many a happy home and domestic circle. But the agony of dying men and the tears of women are alike forgotten and unheeded, when forts fire, cities illuminate, balls are given, and mails sweep along decorated with flags and laurels in honour of a victory."

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Of that page in the book of human destinies in which it was written that a Creole girl of the island of Martinique was destined to become the consort of the greatest and mightiest potentate of modern Europe, the contents might well have been deemed impervious to the most ardent pretenders to the science of futurity, and yet it stands upon record, that by an old Irish fortune teller, consulted by Josephine Tascher de la Pagevie and her youthful companions in the heyday and frolic of childish adventure, the outlines of her future history and coming greatness were distinctly foreshadowed. The prophecy of the sorceress, upon the inspection of Josephine's hand, was uttered in these remarkable terms:—

"You love a Creole, by whom you are loved in return, but you will not marry him. Your star indicates two alliances. The first of your husbands will inhabit Europe, although born in Martinique. He will wear the sword, and enjoy a brief period of happiness. Unfortunate differences will separate you, and becoming involved in mighty troubles, which await the kingdom of France, he will meet with a tragical death, and leave you a widow with two infant children. Your second husband will be very dark, of European origin, and in the end unfortunate, although he is destined to become famous, to fill the earth with his glory, and subject many nations to his sway. You will then become a great lady, and be raised to sovereign power, but the day will arrive when the ungrateful shall forget your benefits, and after astonishing the world you will die an unhappy death. The country in which these things shall come to pass, forms part of Celtic Gaul; and in the midst of your prosperity, you will regret the easy, peaceful life which you had once led in this colony. Upon first quitting its shores, you will witness potentates that may be regarded in the light of forerunners of your wondrous destiny."

A brief survey of Josephine's adventures, subsequently to the delivery of the above predictions, will illustrate their curious accuracy. Between

a young colonist and herself a childish attachment had ripened into mutual love, and the parents of both approved the prospect of their children's union. The unexpected death of Josephine's elder sister completely altered her father's wishes in her regard, and she found herself compelled to renounce the object of her first affections, and accept for suitor the Vicomte de Beauharnais. Upon her embarkation for Europe, a series of curious atmospheric phenomena attracted the attention of the ship's crew: luminous meteors gleamed in the air and around the masts of the vessel, flakes of those phosphoric flames known by the name of St. Elmo's fire unceasingly played, like so many brilliant diadems. The omen was at once acknowledged by the captain as having reference to Josephine, and to the prophecy of the soothsayer, with which it appears he had been made acquainted. Shortly after her arrival in France, she was placed for a time in the Abbaye de Panthemon, one of the noblest religious establishments of olden France, and at the age of sixteen, became the wife of M. de Beauharnais. To this gentleman she successively bore two children; Eugène, afterwards married to a daughter of the king of Bavaria, and Hortense, who became the wife of Louis Buonaparte, the king of Holland. Groundless jealousies begat dissension between Josephine and her husband, which led to a separation. During the turmoils of the French Revolution, M. de Beauharnais girded a sword of state, as President of the National Assembly, which office he filled at the period of Louis XVI.'s flight to Varennes, and after the tragical death of that monarch became in turn a victim of the Reign of Terror which ensued, and perished on the scaffold.

Thus far, the prophecies of the Island-seer had proved minutely correct, nor can it be wondered at if Josephine had really learnt from the course of events in her regard, to look upon them as oracles of truth. After the execution of her husband, good fortune, however, seemed to have little in store for her. All the elements of social and elegant life were in disorder, and she was left in a state of destitution and comparative oblivion. But from the ranks of the people, and from an island, if not so remote, as insignificant on the map of the world as her own, the man was soon to arise who was to still the tempest of anarchy, and complete the cycle of Josephine's destiny. Her first meeting with Napoleon is best described in her own words:—

"One day, as I sat at Madame de Chat . . . Ren . . . 's window, looking at some violets, the famous Buonaparte was on a sudden announced. The sound of his name gave me a thrill for which I could not account, and I trembled when I saw him approach me. At length I ventured to gaze on the man who had gained so easy a victory over the Parisians.* All present looked at him in silence. I was the first to accost him. 'Citizen-General,' I said, 'it seems to me that you must have felt very loath to create such consternation in the capital. Had you reflected for a moment upon the fearful task you have just achieved, you might well shudder at the consequences it involves.' 'Possibly,' he replied, 'but what would you have, madam? Soldiers are automatons that move at the beck of the government; they know but to obey. I spared the sections; my cannon were mostly loaded with powder only. I had a mind to give the Parisians a slight lesson; and besides, c'est mon cachet que j'ai mis sur la France.'"

A few days after this interview, the Director Barras thus addressed Josephine:—

"I have got an advantageous match in view for you. I intend you to marry little Buonaparte, to whom I am about to give the command-in-chief of the army, and intrust the conquest of Italy."

Remonstrances and difficulties were opposed to this abrupt proposition by the lady, but at that epoch, courtships, like all other measures, were carried by a *coup de main*, and Josephine became the wife of Napoleon upon the eve of his departure for the campaign of Italy. He felt that to her influence he was mainly indebted for his appointment to a post which opened to his aspiring hopes so vast and noble a field of conquest and distinction, and took leave of her with every manifestation of gratitude. "I owe you much, Josephine," he exclaimed, "but I shall either forfeit my head, or return a greater man than they dream of."

Upon the news of the brilliant victory of the Bridge of Lodi, Josephine was summoned to join her husband, and was received in Italy with every kind of homage and adulation. During all the remainder of the glorious Transalpine campaign, she followed the fortunes, and often shared the dangers of Napoleon. In vain he remonstrated with her on the inutility of her self-exposure to peril; and to sicken her of military life, would often take her to the front batteries, where the noise of the cannon was stunning, and bullets fell at her very feet. When the general traversed the country on horseback, or ascended heights to reconnoitre the enemy's position, Madame Buonaparte, who was utterly unaccustomed to so rough a style of travelling, occasionally came to a full stop, and met with repeated falls. Upon such occasions her husband would burst into loud fits of laughter, and exclaim from a distance, "Courage, madam, it is the fortune of war; laurels are not to be made by sleeping on down. To be worthy of me, you must comfort the wounded, bestow your personal cares upon them, and employ your women making lint."

One day, having taken her to a more advanced post than usual, a shell happened to burst close beside her, and wounded several individuals. Josephine uttered a piercing scream, and withdrawing her hand from Buonaparte, who was supporting her, would have taken flight, but he forcibly detained her, saying in a grave voice—

"You will never be a Jeanette Hachette, you are afraid of a ball!"

"If," she replied, "it had been in defence of our own homes, I could doubtless imitate the example set by the sister of Clisson who waged battle with the English, but here you are only worrying a peaceful population for the sake of enhancing your own glory. For my part, I could have neither courage nor inclination to do so."

Josephine was so deeply affected at beholding the blood flowing from the wounds of those who had just fallen at her side, that she nearly fainted, and gazed imploringly upon Buonaparte, who lavished every attention upon her, consigned her to the care of her attendants, gave orders that the wounded should be looked to, and then exclaimed with an oath, that henceforth every woman, and his own wife in particular, should be kept at least twenty leagues aloof from the army.

Often during the progress of the war, when the churches of Italy were pillaged of their sacred vessels, and time-honored relics, for which the then utterly impious French army, from their general to the meanest soldier, exhibited the most contemptuous disrespect. Josephine, who of that invading host was probably the sole person in whom religious feeling durst still find expression, interfered to check the course of sacrilegious robbery, and procure from her husband the restitution to their respective sanctuaries of many a holy spoil.

* The affair of the 13 Vendémiaire

Of a temper unceasingly and unreasonably jealous, Napoleon, although loving and esteeming Josephine, contributed little to her happiness during the period that elapsed between his return from Italy and departure for Egypt. To mere levities, natural and pardonable enough in a young and beautiful and universally admired woman, he chose to attach an importance and criminality which his own cooler judgment completely disallowed. From the moment of her union with the greatest captain of the age, she had been, and to the end of her days continued, faithful to him in love as in friendship. During the eighteen months of his campaign in Egypt, she went to La Malmaison, a property of which she had recently made the acquisition, and there, in the society of a few select friends, led a life of calm retirement, only disturbed by anxiety for Buonaparte's safety. He returned from the land of the pyramids with a mind jaundiced against his wife, but hearing from Madame de Chat . . . Ren . . . of the fidelity with which Josephine had cherished his honor and served his interests during a period when active enemies had been eager to profit by his absence, to insinuate accusations against him, and undermine his authority, he at once restored to her his entire confidence, and she from that moment became the ruling spirit of all his actions.

When Napoleon reached the next stage on the road to imperial greatness, and by the French nation was saluted sovereign, under the title of First Consul, with the assurance, but without all the guilt of Cromwell, he took possession of the palace of the Tuilleries. Upon finding herself installed in the apartments occupied by the late queen of France, Josephine experienced the most lively and painful emotions; by the Vicomte de Beauharnais she had formerly been presented to Marie Antoinette, and by that august and unfortunate princess had been received with the most gracious kindness: she felt embarrassed, her eyes became suffused with tears, and she thus addressed Napoleon:—

"I would rather live at La Malmaison. This palace has no charms for me. I tremble for the permanence of an immense power which has become the prize of the most daring. What will your soldiers say?"

"That I do not tread in the footsteps of Fabricius," was the First Consul's reply; "that the little French corporal having surpassed the Roman general, has a mind to reap the fruits of a victory which audacity alone was requisite for him to gain. I have played my part, it is for you now to catch the spirit of yours, you will embellish these scenes so fraught with sorrowing retrospects, you will cause the melancholy tenth of August to be forgotten, and we shall both of us work miracles."

To throw dust into the eyes of the multitude, not yet thoroughly awakened from the wild notions of democracy instilled by the revolution of 1793, Napoleon allowed the word "Republic" to be engraven in letters of gold over the entrance of the Tuilleries, as if to signify that the new occupant of that old regal residence designed not to overthrow the new constitution. A few days after, in jocular allusion to this circumstance, Buonaparte remarked to Josephine—"I leave the word 'Republic' on the palace walls, on the same principle that you see a person's name inscribed beneath a portrait which in no way resembles him."

It was at the suggestion of Josephine that the remains of the great Turenne were removed from St. Dennis, where they had escaped profanation, and interred at the Invalides with military and religious pomp. More than a thousand captured flags adorned the cataphalk of the departed hero.

Had the first consul listened to the ardent remonstrances and entreaties of Josephine, his memory had not been stained by the foul and cowardly murder of the Duc d'Enghien. It is indeed well known that she would gladly have exercised her influence in favor of the banished Bourbon dynasty, and induced her husband to enact the noble part of a second General Monk, but that latent and uncontrollable ambition, and perhaps the force of events, drove him to pursue a far different career. The imperial crown of France, so long the object of his secret aspirations, was at last within the grasp of Napoleon, and when upon his own and the brows of his wife the glittering bauble was placed by the trembling hand of a Roman Pontiff, no one circumstance seemed wanting to chronicle them among the mightiest potentates of the earth. Josephine had reached the apogee of her predicted destinies, and presided over her magnificent court with all the grace and dignity that might have been looked for in one born a princess. But amidst the pomp and splendors of supreme station, her heart sighed for the endearments of private and domestic home, and gladly would have exchanged the life of ceremonial to which she found herself condemned at the Tuilleries, for that of freedom and retirement she had so loved at La Malmaison. It was remarked with general admiration that she adapted herself with the most delicate nicety to the various audiences she was called upon to grant, maintaining upon such occasions, in combination with dignified bearing, the softest and most fascinating manners. She always expressed herself in elegant, yet at the same time, appropriate terms, and people were astonished to mark the ease and facility with which she addressed every person admitted to her presence, saying to each one, something or other precisely apposite to the occasion.

Josephine accompanied Napoleon to Italy upon the occasion of his assumption of the iron crown of Lombardy, but he pointedly excluded her from participating in the self-arrogated regal dignity, observing to her, "C'est assez pour vous, madame, d'avoir été couronnée dans la capitale de la France, vous ne pouvez l'être à Milan." Wherever she went, the Italians entertained her with most splendid fêtes; but Napoleon, although so devoted to her that her presence was constantly needful to him, tormented himself and irritated Josephine by the most senseless jealousies. During the glorious campaign of Austerlitz, she again shared the emperor's adventures, and at Munich assisted with great satisfaction at the magnificent nuptials of her son Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, whom Napoleon had appointed viceroy of Italy.

At times, during the emperor's occasional absences from Paris, Josephine would retire to La Malmaison, and become absorbed in the care of a flock of Merino sheep, for which he had a great partiality. A detachment of the imperial guard was on such occasions appointed to do duty at La Malmaison. Late one evening the empress heard the sound of footsteps, and couching under her windows, and sending for the officer of the guard, learnt from him, in reply to her inquiry, that sentries kept watch all night.

"Monsieur," she rejoined, "je n'ai pas besoin d'une sentinelle la nuit; ces braves soldats ont assez à souffrir à l'armée, lorsqu'ils sont forcés d'y aller: il faut qu'ils se reposent à mon service, et je ne veux pas qu'ils s'enrhument."

Josephine possessed the art of nicely discriminating human character. To Napoleon she thus expressed herself respecting Murat:—

"He is a fortunate soldier, but nothing more. Do you think him capable of governing? No. This Hercules of yours is splendid in a charge of

cavalry, but will prove a mere pigmy when called to sustain the weight of a crown. If you are ill-advised enough to seat him on a throne, he may one day very probably help to precipitate you from your own. Si tu l'élèves tu t'abaisses."

How well she had forejudged the consequences of raising Murat above the rank he was fitted to fill and adorn, that of a distinguished cavalry officer, the results of his elevation made in time sufficiently apparent.

It is not uninteresting to remark how even in moments of the most unguarded levity, Napoleon's ruling passion was apt to proclaim itself. One day at Fontainebleau he took up a prayer book which lay on Josephine's table, and began singing psalms from it. She requested him to desist, observing that it was considered unlucky to chant the service elsewhere but at church. He obeyed, and turned to the examination of conscience. Cardinal Fesch at that moment entered the room.

"How many capital sins are there?" asked the emperor.

"Seven," replied the Cardinal.

"I tell you there are eight."

"I should like to know which they may be, for the Church has never acknowledged any others than those before your eyes."

"The eighth," rejoined Napoleon, "is to exempt ourselves from the confession."

Napoleon was careless of his personal appearance. His waistcoat pockets were always full of snuff, and upon the white trousers he usually wore, he was in the habit of making memoranda with a pencil he invariably carried about him. The little cocked hat and grey coat under which the images of Napoleon will throughout all time be so familiarly recognised, were supposed to have been the costume enjoined upon his observance by the chief of the Illuminati as a safeguard against assassination. Into the bosom of that dark fraternity he had been admitted at Grand Cairo under circumstances of peculiar solemnity, and had sworn, and signed with his blood, an obligation to wage eternal war against all tyrants, and forfeit his life rather than hold dealings with monarchy. "If fate should ever place thee at the head of a great nation," thus he had been addressed by the grand master of the Philadelphia, "beware of grasping the diadem of kings!"—The consciousness of this engagement and of its violation, often haunted the after years of the self-created Cæsar, and strange stories were rife of the occasional visitations he endured from "le petit homme rouge,"—a mysterious and half spectral agent of the fearful sect to which he had become affiliated, who upon three occasions appeared to Napoleon with messages of warning, menace, and condemnation.

Upon the expedition of Germany, in the course of which he first beheld the Archduchess Maria Louisa, Josephine accompanied her husband for the last time, little dreaming that her long enduring constancy and devotion were before long to be requited by his desertion. Upon these campaign travels, she was wont to exhibit all her natural goodness and consideration for others in the most attractive colors. So rapid and unexpected were the emperor's movements, and so peremptory his injunctions as to the places at which he intended to halt, that for the reception of Josephine and her suite, due preparation was frequently impossible. No complaint, however, escaped her lips, and she was the first to express herself satisfied.—She was always much more solicitous for the accommodation of her attendants than for her own, visiting their apartments herself, and issuing personal directions for their comfort. One night as she was about to retire to rest, she observed that her waiting-woman had only a mattress on the floor to lie upon, and with her own hands took from the bed destined for herself another to supply the deficiency. If any of her women were sick, their mistress was quickly at their side, and from her own table she supplied with provisions and delicacies, those who in the course of a journey were compelled to remain in the carriages from want of other accommodation.

Secret misgivings and even dreams seem to have foreshadowed in the mind of Josephine the unjust determination which Napoleon had formed to repudiate the beloved wife of his youth. The announcement of his intention to do so, was made to her one day after their usual tête-à-tête dinner, and so fearful were the consequences of the fatal intimation, that the empress fainted, and remained three hours in a state of insensibility. Napoleon was, however, not a man to be moved from his purpose by the weakness and sorrow of an injured woman, and the pertinacity with which he followed out his grand scheme of divorce, seems to have emulated the headstrong determination of Henry the Eighth in his repudiation of Queen Catherine. Cardinal Fesch opposed his nephew's design. "People," said the prelate, "have grown accustomed to confound your fate and that of the empress together. You will be accused of ingratitude. Profound politicians already foresee more than one catastrophe in store for you, if you exhibit to astonished France the irreligious and immoral spectacle of a scandalous divorce. Should you push matters to such extremity, the event will not only condemn you before the tribunal of God, but also in the estimation of men. Then, Napoleon, all illusion will be at an end, and you will find the magical power that once kept your subjects in such awe, fast coming to an end. A day will arrive, perhaps a not far distant one, when your sceptre may fall to pieces within your grasp by the general will."

Various alliances were proposed to the emperor; but the suggestion of an Austrian princess made by Marshal Berthier, best harmonized with his inclinations, and although Fouché endeavored to dissuade him from it, proposals were forwarded to Vienna for the hand of Maria Louisa and accepted because, perhaps, it had been considered impolitic or dangerous to refuse them.

The interviews which ensued between Napoleon and Josephine, while the new matrimonial negotiations were pending, are described to have been of the most painful and touching character. Idolizing her husband, and naturally reluctant to be deprived of a station which she had always graced, and done nothing to forfeit, it was not without the most trying struggles of wounded pride that she at length resigned herself to the magnanimous self-sacrifice. When the Arch-chancellor Cambacérès, by command of the emperor, definitely announced to her the divorce, Josephine summoned courage to reply, "If it has not been in my power to contribute to the happiness of France, I hope some other woman may be more fortunate."

Upon the day that the act of divorce received the signatures of the parties, Napoleon, after affixing his name to the instrument, took Josephine's arm, and, with hasty strides, walked for a considerable time up and down the room with her. At length breaking silence, he exclaimed—

"What a fine subject this will make some day for a tragedy?"

"Of which who is to be the tyrant?" promptly rejoined Josephine.

Disconcerted by the question, the emperor relinquished her arm, and putting his hands behind him, replied after a moment's pause, "The tyrant madam, must be Fouché or Cambacérès."

A few days afterwards an officer of the Guards waited upon Josephine,

and intimated to her that he had been commanded to escort her to La Malmaison.

"Who gave you the order?" she peremptorily inquired.

"The emperor himself," he replied, with an air of concern.

She made no further remark, but busied herself with taking down and packing up several pictures, among others that of M. de Beauharnais, pointedly omitting to touch the miniature of Napoleon.

After her departure, the emperor started for Saint Cloud, and for forty-eight hours was unseen by any of his courtiers. The third day he went to hunt at Grand Trianon, and, upon getting out of his carriage, desired Marshal Duroc to find a foot messenger. He then wrote a letter to Josephine, and gave orders for its speedy conveyance. Before, however, the express reached her, he had arrived himself at La Malmaison. The empress uttered an exclamation of astonishment at beholding him again, and then throwing herself into his arms, was unable for some moments to speak a word. Tears at length relieved her, and an affectionate interview ensued, in the course of which the emperor solemnly assured her that under all circumstances he should continue her his best and most faithful friend. He then gave her permission to inhabit the palace of L'Elysée Bourbon, where she resided until the marriage of the emperor, and received from him repeated visits. If policy and ambition had induced Bonaparte to repudiate his consort, he would not tolerate in others the neglect and ingratitude of which he had set the example. Madame de la Rochefoucault, former mistress of the robes to Josephine, applied for the same appointment in the household of Maria Louisa. "She shall neither retain her old, nor have the new situation," angrily observed Napoleon, when he heard of the application: "If I am accused of ungrateful conduct to my wife, I do not choose to have my imitators, more especially among those whom she has honored with her confidence and overwhelmed with benefits."

The palace of the Tuileries became a desert after the secession of Josephine; and the emperor observed to his surrounding marshals, "Gentlemen, we must candidly admit, that a Court without women is a spring without roses."

The discarded empress had the curiosity to witness her rival's entrance into Paris, and was standing near the triumphal arch at the moment the municipal authorities were presenting their addresses of congratulation.

Not all the blandishments of his new bride, nor the splendors of the Austrian alliance, could deter the emperor from making stolen visits to his first wife. To the Grand Equerry he would at times signify his wish, that Marie Louise should, under some pretext, be detained in the riding school; and of opportunities so gained, profited to gallop off to La Malmaison. There, arm in arm with Josephine, they paced the gardens in familiar conversation. One day Napoleon was relating an accident from the upsetting of a boat on the canal at Versailles, which had befallen Madame de Montesquieu, who had reluctantly exchanged her former position of lady of the bedchamber to Josephine for a similar appointment in the household of the new empress. "Aha!" said Josephine, "my little court of La Malmaison would better suit her tastes: here at least she would find a friend, a difficult thing for her to meet with in the perilous post to which you have now exalted her."

To Josephine Napoleon confided the secret of his meditated invasion of Russia, of which, in her earnest endeavor to dissuade him from that mad enterprise of enormous aggression, she, with prophetic instinct, foresaw and forewarned him of the failure. The emperor himself admitted to her that an inward voice often seemed to admonish him to refrain from that fatal expedition, as the rock upon which his fortunes were to split!

Once at a masqué ball given at court, Josephine addressed Marie Louise, and, changing her costume several times in the course of the evening, was enabled to puzzle and confound great numbers of persons, to the amusement of the emperor, who was alone in the secret of her presence.

Upon the occasion of the birth of the King of Rome, Josephine generously shared the joy which that event diffused, and to the messenger who brought her the intelligence, presented a magnificent ring, valued at twenty thousand francs, observing at the same time to those around her, "I think myself bound to acknowledge, in a royal manner, the news of the King of Rome's birth. May this event realize the hopes which it has awakened in Napoleon's mind, in adding to his happiness, and securing henceforward the blessings of peace!"

Josephine was pressingly solicitous to behold the King of Rome. It being deemed impossible for her to receive him at La Malmaison, Madame de Montesquieu, by command of Buonaparte, took the child to Trianon, where Josephine went to see him. She lavished many caresses upon the infant prince, and with tears in her eyes exclaimed, "Alas, I was not destined to realize the emperor's hopes! Maria Louise is more fortunate than I have been; I now forgive her for the harm she did me in invading my place. From this day, I will endeavor to forget my husband's errors, to sympathize only in a father's happiness." It was observed accordingly that from that moment Josephine recovered her good looks and cheerfulness, and ceased to entertain for the woman who had presented the great Napoleon with the long wished heir, any other sentiments but those of friendliness and good will. She expressed, indeed, a desire to be presented to the empress, but Marie Louise could not be induced to make the acquaintance of her predecessor, and upon the occasion of his visits to La Malmaison, Napoleon never mentioned the name of his Austrian bride.

The last time he saw her was in January, 1814, just before the disastrous campaign which led to his abdication. Upon parting, he addressed her in these terms:—

"If I am overcome by numbers, most of the men who owe their fortunes to me will basely seek to depreciate my courage. The very senate which does homage to me to-day, will to-morrow be the first to decree my precipitation from the Tarpeian rock. In every case, however, when the time arrives, I shall know how to escape from my destiny. The poison I carry in my bosom is remedy alike for the intoxicating fumes of ambition, and the unforeseen reverses of fortune. It has been my constant companion since my retreat from Moscow. If the fortune of arms be adverse to me during this memorable campaign, I shall have it in my power to avoid falling alive into the hands of my enemies. What say you?"

The anguish of Josephine was extreme, she grasped his hand and placed it next her heart; emotion gained upon him; and at length, bursting into tears, in half-stifled accents he exclaimed, "Ah! si je possédais une autre Josephine!"

When Napoleon's banishment to the island of Elba was announced to Josephine, she wished to follow him thither. "If his dearest friends now abandon him," she cried, "I at least will not be one of them. I hate the ungrateful, and shall never share any of their panic terrors. I will go and

join him in his island, and there, in the society of a few friends, we may both enjoy, perhaps, some last rays of happiness!"

From the allied sovereigns, who entertained for the personal character of Josephine the highest esteem and regard, she received the most marked attentions. Even during the continuance of the warmest hostilities between England and France, the Prince Regent (George IV.) had courteously given orders that all plants destined for the gardens of Malmaison, should be shipped without let or hindrance at any of the ports of the United Kingdom. Of the English detained prisoners of war in France, Josephine had ever professed and proved herself the friend.

After the fall of Napoleon and his departure for Elba, Josephine fell into a state of profound melancholy. She could not bear his name mentioned without deep emotion, and professed the greatest repugnance to Murat, by whom she believed that both her husband and herself had been betrayed. A few days before her death, she entertained the Emperor Alexander at La Malmaison. She was too ill to do herself the honors of her house, and deputed that task to the Duchess de St. Leu. Hearing that the disease was of a more dangerous character than her attendants apprehended, the Emperor of Russia returned within a week after to La Malmaison and craved admission to the bedside of Josephine. He entered the room, and beheld her in a dying state. Eugene de Beauharnais and Queen Hortense, her two children, were kneeling by her side, and receiving their mother's farewell blessing! The name of Napoleon Buonaparte was on her lips when she breathed her last!

The remains of Josephine were deposited in the church of Ruel, the adjoining village to La Malmaison. Her funeral oration was pronounced by M. de Barral, Archbishop of Tours, who had for some years been her almoner, and for whom she had ever professed and entertained the most profound reverence and affection. The prelate had, on more than one occasion, avowed his unalterable attachment to her person, and proved it in life and death. So intense was his grief, that at her obsequies, tears repeatedly interrupted him in the performance of his sacred duties, and when the tomb closed over the coffin of Josephine, the Archbishop hastened from the church, exclaiming as he crossed its threshold, "Dies mei sicut umbra declinaverunt et ego sicut fœnum arui; tu autem, Domine, in æternum, permanes!"

Some years after the death of the Empress Josephine, the writer of the foregoing pages visited La Malmaison. It was less a palace-like abode than a country residence, of which any private individual might have been proud. The furniture and arrangement of the house were still exactly in the same order as when she had it; her very sleeping-room remained unaltered. As he gazed upon the bed upon which she had breathed her last, a startled bat suddenly rustled forth from behind the curtains, and described its loud eccentric flight all around the chamber.

The incident was a trivial one, and yet conveyed to the mind a singularly effective image of desolation and extinguished grandeur!

Dolman's Magazine.

THE CANKER AND THE CURE.

BY SILVERPEN.

Baron Thrashem was one of the very wisest and profoundest lawyers on the judicial bench; to say nothing of his extraordinary research amidst such ethic doctrines as relate to the origin of evil; to say nothing that these doctrines were always stated by him so precisely and logically, that the minutest link in his chain of causation never showed a flaw; to say nothing that he had espied the very topmost bough of the goodly tree of sin, and dug down (in his own opinion) nearer to its far hidden and obscure root than any other man; to say nothing of these things, he so viewed all reformatory law for crime as twaddle from the humane school of philosophy, that had he had his own stern will, every statute and every law against the criminal should have been burnt, and replaced by two very tangible and summary processes for curing evil—the halter and the gibbet.

Thirteen years ago this very next Lent term, the baron had gone circuit to the north. His old clerk Rednot had gone circuit too, and old Joe Bottle, who prided himself upon having been the judge's servant forty-two years, had taken coach that very morning to visit some country relatives. None were left in the old dull square but the maid of all work, and the cook, and the housekeeper, summed up in the person of Becky; for the judge had neither a grand house, a grand equipage, (for an old jobbing coach had taken him down to Westminster, and on circuit, for the last twenty years (nor many servants; but simply a very grand library, every book in which—according to the fully united opinions of Rednot, Bottle, and Becky—he knew by heart, from its first letter to its colophon; excepting certain books on a certain right-hand shelf of the large bookcase, at which he had been seen to smile so satirically and so often, that they were supposed to contain opinions not worth a farthing to the great mintage of the judge's mind, but were doubtless simple, irreverent, and untrue. Be this as it may—upon this certain morning, Becky, whose simple heart knew no bounds in its reverence to her stern master, was busy in the library, when her ear was caught by the low voice of a child outside the area-rails. She had at that moment lifted up from the library-table an old fashioned massive silver inkstand, and turning round saw that it was a wretched, sharp-faced child, who probably attracted by her cap, as seen above the window blinds, had stopped to beg. Her kindly thoughts in a moment were travelling fast between twopence in her pocket and the hot roll left in the oven from Joe's breakfast, when the postman's quick rap was heard at the hall-door. It was a letter from her master Becky was sure, and all in an anxious tremor—for Thrashem wrote but seldom when from home, and then only on some urgent point—she hurried breathlessly to answer the door, with the duster and inkstand yet in her hand. Recognising her master's stiff, straight characters on the letter, and as the postage was to pay, she, in the anxious absence of the moment set down the duster and the inkstand on the step while she dived down for her purse into the hidden mysteries of her capacious pocket. The postman was leaning carelessly on the area railings looking down the street; and when she had stepped to him, giving him the money, and come back again, the inkstand was gone, the silver inkstand that the judge prized so highly! In the first moment of doubt and astonishment, she knew not what to think; but recollecting the keen faced child, who but the instant before had been in sight, she hurried from the door and looking down the street, and calling upon the postman to follow her, saw the child running onward with breathless speed. The postman's quick step was, however, a match; he seized upon the thief just as she had thrust the inkstand beneath the ragged strip of shawl that hung about a girl some year or two older than herself. To half cry for joy was Becky's first impulse when the inkstand was again safe; to tremble at the bare thought of the judge's stern displeasure, had it been lost; to almost sink in heart at the idea of one doubt upon her long-tried honesty; and all these

for the instant were paramount; but all sunk into mere nothingness, or rather, were merged into one feeling of womanly and simple mercy when she glanced down upon the child's upturned face of terror, hunger and pain.

"You ——" commenced the postman.

"Had no wittles," spoke the child, sullenly.

The words robbed the heart of the judge's honest servant of its last touch of anger. She said something about letting the child go; but too late. A crowd had collected, a policeman had stepped in, and the thief in a few minutes was locked safe in the station house.

It was a sorrowful night, that, to the compassionate heart of Becky; though her fire was bright, her tea good, and even the barber from a little street hard by had stepped in to talk the matter over with her. And she was still more sad next day, when in her best gown she courted to the magistrate of the police court, and saw the child in the dock, more haggard and pale. The case was fully proved. "My good woman," spoke the magistrate, in his kindest voice, "I know your master would prosecute this case to the fullest extent of the law, but to what end! Here is a child seven years old or thereabouts, without home, without one human friend, and, great God! apparently without a name, the scum and refuse of the city streets whilst yet a baby. If I send her to prison, she will probably come out only more confirmed in precocious wickedness; or if sent back into the streets, but to starvation or something still more horrible. But were there some one to save by teaching; and —"

Becky, the great judge's poor servant, looked here at the magistrate, and then at the criminal child. "Please sir," and the sympathy of our divinest nature justified itself—"I've fifty-seven pounds sixteen and sixpence in the Savings' Bank, that Mr Rednot has the receipt of, and just two sovereigns more in the spice-box—so if a little schooling might —"

"Might do more than the prison or the law can do—turn guiltless sin into good, and if with work —"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Becky, pleased with the magistrate's manner, and interpreting the matter in her own way; if she were to turn out tidy, and I could keep the thing from master's ears, why I could teach her to roast, and bake, and set his room to rights, and —"

"And if you should succeed in half," chimed in the magistrate, "you'd show yourself to be a profounder lawyer than either I who sit upon this Bench, or your Master a Baron of the Exchequer. He who cures vice is greater than he who punishes it."

Becky did not understand half this, only this much, that nobody could be so great as the judge her master; so curtseying less respectfully than she other, wise would have done, she waited for the child to be released from the dock threw a large silk handkerchief from her pocket across its shoulders, that it might look less like a vagrant, and then reverting back to the due disposal of the two pounds in the spice box, she took the child's hand, and made her way to the cab outside the door, followed by the wondering and ejaculating barber.

To wash the child well by the kitchen fire, to bake a cake for tea, to invite the barber thereunto, to reach the child a little pictured cup from the closet's topmost shelf, were matters of course with Becky; and much did she ejaculate, and more did the barber, as, between the ravenously eaten cake and the sweetened tea, the precocious, wilful, neglected intellect of crime told of its narrow hell of human life, which it believed was heaven! Long was the talk of the barber and Becky whilst the babyhood of crime, not disowned by nature, nestled to its rest; and as Mr. Bottle was of a nervous temperament, and much given to count his spoons and forks, and make particular inquiries after his master's gold spectacles, it was judged wise to keep the real truth from him, at least for the present; and moreover, as the police report would be sure to appear in the *Times* of the morrow, it would be advisable (though a sad sin in the eyes of Becky) not to post that paper, so that some chance might lie of the matter escaping Thrashem's keen notice. It fortunately did, beyond a mere report by word; but in her strongest trunk Becky hoarded up that paper.

It was necessary to give the child, a name before Mr. Bottle came back. The barber suggested many good ones; none, however, pleasant to the ear of Becky. But when in some few days the child's young face began to look gratefully up into her own, the thought struck Becky, that the great oil painting over the library fireplace was the portrait of the judge's mother, and that her Christian name had been Alice. "And might it not be beautiful," said Becky to herself, "if she should turn out a good child, and come up to such grand things as to mend the dear master's shirt, or cook him an omelet as brown as I do! Might it not be beautiful to hear that name he loves so well, called softly up and down the house!" So giving her own question an affirmative answer, Becky called the child Alice.

To say that the seven years' teaching of sin was absolved all at once, would be an injustice to my great teacher—nature. But peculations from closets, and drawers, and jars, grew less and less before the continual ministry of good; the memory of vice faded like a shadow in the broadening sun; and Alice, the unknown spawn of the beggars' lodging house, became a favourite with old Joe, took and thrived by honest Becky's teachings, and even at last becoming noticed by Mr. Rednot, drew upon his learning many ways.

Years passed on, and Alice was seventeen. Never had the judge seen her: never heard of her. He had lived forty years in that house, yet never trod his own kitchen floor. Becky grew feeble; and the stern old man at last noticing it, rung her up, one night, into the library. He spoke kindly, placed her a chair, and said she must have help. Becky's heart faltered—the secret of years was on her tongue.

"I was afraid you would be angry, but I've long been obliged to have —"

"Whom!"

"One who can cook your omelet beautifully; set a frill on your shirt, and almost place your room as well as I do, Alice."

The old man looked up at that picture; his heart grew merciful at that name. He rang again the bell; he said a word or two; and Alice—the atom of the foulest city streets that society crushes, and that he in his great wisdom disowned all regeneration for, save the galleys—stood before him in her beauty and her usefulness. The magistrate said right—"Nobler is it to teach good to crime, than to tread it under foot." The heart of the poor servant had solved the great enigma of social wrong and social progress, in a more practical way than the wisdom of the scholar and the judge,—for teach but ignorance and vice evil diminish! That night the old man smiled less upon those books; he took them down; he read them, and Alice from that hour fitted round him in her useful, humble duties, and surpassed poor Becky, because she had been better taught. Becky soon after this fell ill, and on her dying bed told the old man of that theft; how the pity of her heart had made her save—and Alice was the fruit! "She sir, who is so very good, and waits so gently on you. Be good to her—be good to her."

"I will—and take a lesson from you, Becky, that shall make not only the law, but my own heart better."

Those great books of the great jurist are no longer smiled upon. The retired judge will bequeath his great wealth to put their spirit into action; and with Alice in her humble duties flitting round him, devises plans for the better bearing out the great progress question of reformatory law, and no longer ending his chain of ethic causatives by the gallows, sets his hand to the great principle—that crime is ignorance, and that to save and lead, this ignorance towards good, is a service that approximates the human actor towards his Divine Creator.

CAPTURE OF VERA CRUZ.

From the Union of Saturday Night.

Victory follows victory in rapid succession. It was a settled maxim that we could never cease this war with honour until we had taken the castle of San Juan de Ulloa. Thanks to our distinguished and skilful general—to his brave officers and men—to the gallant officers and men of our navy, this great achievement has been effected with little loss of life on our part. We have taken the Gibraltar of the western continent. We have added new laurels to our wreath. The gratitude and admiration of a free people are due to Major Gen. Scott. We congratulate our country again upon the prowess of their army and navy. In less than eleven months, a succession of achievements has poured in upon us which would grace the annals of any people under the sun. Let our countrymen rejoice, and let them pour out their thanks to the brave men who have done honor to the character of this free country.

This evening brings to the government the official despatches from Major General Scott and Commodore Perry. The former were brought to the Secretary of war by Colonel Totten, of the engineer corps, who displayed so much activity and skill at Vera Cruz. The last were brought to the Secretary of the Navy by Passed Midshipman Huger, of the navy.

The principal terms of capitulation were: That the garrisons should lay down their arms as prisoners of war—officers retaining their swords; that they should march out with the honors of war—saluting the flags of city and castle from their own batteries, on striking them, at the moment the troops were surrendering their arms; that the troops, regulars and irregulars, should be discharged and dispersed to their homes, under parole given upon their own rolls and by their own officers, not to serve against the United States until duly exchanged—officers giving, at the same time, their own parole for themselves individually; that all public property of any description should become the property of the United States; that such portions of the armament as may not have been destroyed during the continuance of the war, may be liable to be restored by stipulations in the treaty of peace; that private property is to be inviolate and not liable to be taken without arrangement with the owner; that the religion of the inhabitants, its institutions and ceremonies are solemnly guaranteed; that officers and men under parole may remain in the city to settle private affairs not to exceed five days.

A friendly communication had been opened with the town of Minellin, twelve miles southward of Vera Cruz, after a sharp skirmish conducted by Col. Harney against some troops that attempted to obstruct the way. And an expedition, by land, and water, was about to proceed to Alvarado; where, however, no opposition was looked for. Indeed, it was confidently stated in camp, when the Princeton sailed, that Mexican commissioners had already arrived for the purpose of treating for the submission of that place. The principal object of Gen. Scott at Alvarado is to open a source of supply of horses, mules, and beef cattle.

FROM OUR ARMY AT VERA CRUZ.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY.

Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 23, 1847.

Sir: Yesterday, seven of our ten 10-inch mortars, being in battery, and the labors for planting the remainder of our heavy metal being in progress, I addressed at two o'clock, P.M., a summons to the Governor of Vera Cruz, and within the two hours limited by the bearer of the flag, received the governor's answer. Copies of the two papers, (marked respectively, A and B,) are herewith enclosed.

It will be perceived that the governor, who, it turns out, is the commander of both places, chose, against the plain terms of the summons, to suppose me to have demanded the surrender of the castle and the city—when, in fact, from the non-arrival of our heavy metal—principally mortars—I was in no condition to threaten the former.

On the return of the flag, with that reply, I at once ordered the seven mortars, in battery, to open upon the city. In a short time, the smaller vessels of Commodore Perry's squadron—two steamers and five schooners—according to previous arrangement with him, approached the city within about a mile and an eighth, whence, being partially covered from the castle—an essential condition to their safety—they also opened a brisk fire upon the city. This has been continued, uninterruptedly, by the mortars, and only with a few intermissions, by the vessels, up to nine o'clock this morning, when the commodore, very properly, called them off from a position too daringly assumed.

Our three remaining mortars are now (12 o'clock, M.) in battery, and the whole ten in activity. To-morrow, 4 and 5 will be ready to add their fire: No. 4, consisting of four 24-pounders and two 8-inch Paixhan guns, and No. 5 (naval battery) of three 32-pounders and three 8-inch Paixhans—the guns, officers, and sailors landed from the squadron—our friends of the navy being unremitting in their zealous co-operation, in every mode and form.

So far, we know that our fire upon the city has been highly effective—particularly from the batteries of 10 inch mortars, planted at about 800 yards from the city. Including the preparation and defence of the batteries, from the beginning—now many days—and notwithstanding the heavy fire of the enemy, from city and castle—we have only had four or five men wounded, and one officer and one man killed, in or near the trenches. That officer was Captain John R. Vinton of the United States 3d artillery, one of the most talented, accomplished, and effective members of the army, and who was highly distinguished in the brilliant operations at Monterey. He fell last evening, in the trenches, where he was on duty as field and commanding officer, universally regretted. I have just attended his honored remains to a soldier's grave—in full view of the enemy and within reach of his guns.

Thirteen of the long needed mortars—leaving twenty-seven, besides heavy guns, behind—have arrived, and two of them landed. A heavy northerly set in (at meridian) that stopped that operation, and also the landing of shells. Hence the fire of our mortar batteries has been slackened, since 2 o'clock to day, and cannot be again invigorated until we shall again have a smooth sea. In the meantime I shall leave this report open for journalizing events that may occur up to the departure of the steam ship of war, Princeton, with Com. Conner, who, I learn, expects to leave the anchorage off Sacrificios, for the United States, the 25th inst.

March 24.—The storm having subsided in the night, we commenced this forenoon, as soon as the sea became a little smooth, to land shot, shells, and mortars.

The naval battery, No. 5, was opened with great activity, under Capt. Aulick, the second in rank of the squadron, at about 10 a. m., a little before he was relieved by Captain Mayo, who landed with a fresh supply of ammunition—Captain Aulick having exhausted the supply he had brought with him. He lost four sailors, killed and had one officer, Lieutenant Baldwin, slightly hurt.

The mortar batteries, Nos. one, two, and three, have fired but languidly during the day, for the want of shells, which are now going out from the beach.

The two reports of Col. Bankhead, chief of artillery, both of this date, copies of which I enclose, give the incidents of those three batteries.

Battery No. 4, which will mount four 24 pounders, and two 8 inch Paixhan's guns, has been much delayed in the hands of the indefatigable engineers by the norther that filled up the work with sand nearly as fast as it could be opened by the half blinded laborers. It will, however, doubtless be in full activity early to-morrow morning.

March 25.—The Princeton being about to start for Philadelphia, I have but a moment to continue this report.

All the batteries, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, are in awful activity this morning. The effect is, no doubt, very great, and I think the city cannot hold out beyond to-day. To-morrow morning many of the new mortars will be in a position to add to their fire, when, or after the delay of some twelve hours if no proposition to surrender should be received, I shall organize parties for carrying the city by assault. So far the defence has been spirited and obstinate.

I enclose a copy of a memorial received last night, signed by the consuls of Great Britain, France, Spain, and Prussia, within Vera Cruz, asking me to grant a truce to enable the neutrals, together with Mexican women and children, to withdraw from the scene of havoc about them. I shall reply, the moment that an opportunity may be taken, to say—1, That a truce can only be granted on the application of Governor Morales, with a view to a surrender; 2. That in sending safeguards to the different consuls, beginning as far back as the 13th inst., I distinctly admonished them—particularly the French and Spanish consuls—and, of course, through the two, the other consuls—of the dangers that have followed; 3. That although, at that date, I had already refused to allow any person whatsoever to pass the line of investment either way, yet the blockade had been left open to the consuls and other neutrals to pass out to their respective ships of war up to the 22d inst.; and, 4th. I shall inclose to the memorialists a copy of my summons to the governor, to show that I had fully considered the impending hardships and distresses of the place, including those of women and children, before one gun had been fired in that direction. The intercourse between the neutralships of war and the city was stopped at the last mentioned date by Commodore Perry, with my concurrence, which I placed on the ground that that intercourse could not fail to give to the enemy moral aid and comfort.

It will be seen from the memorial, that our batteries have already had a terrible effect on the city, (also known through other sources,) and hence the inference that a surrender must soon be proposed. In haste,

I have the honour to remain, sir, with high respect, your most obedient servant,
WINFIELD SCOTT.

Hon. Wm. L. Marcy, Secretary of War.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY.

Vera Cruz, March 29, 1847.

Sir.—The flag of the United States of America floats triumphantly over the walls of this city, and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa.

Our troops have garrisoned both since 10 o'clock. It is now noon. Brigadier Gen. Worth is in command of the two places.

Articles of capitulation were signed and exchanged at a late hour, night before the last. I enclose a copy of the document.

I have heretofore reported the principal incidents of the siege up to the 25th inst. Nothing of striking interest occurred till early in the morning of the next day, when I received overtures from Gen. Landero, on whom Gen. Morales had devolved the principal command. A terrible storm of wind and sand made it difficult to communicate with the city and impossible to refer to Commodore Perry. I was obliged to entertain the proposition alone, or to continue the fire upon a place that had shown a disposition to surrender; for the loss of a day, or perhaps several, could not be permitted. The accompanying papers will show the proceedings and results.

Yesterday, after the norther had abated, and the commissioners appointed by me early the morning before, had again met those appointed by Gen. Landero, Commodore Perry sent ashore his second in command, Captain Aulick, as a commissioner on the part of the navy. Although not included in my specific arrangement made with the Mexican commander, I did not hesitate, with proper courtesy, to desire that Captain Aulick might be duly introduced and allowed to participate in the discussion and acts of the commissioners who had been reciprocally accredited. Hence the preamble to his signature. The original American commissioners were, Brevet Brigadier Gen. Worth, Brigadier Gen. Pillow, and Col. Totten. Four more able or judicious officers could not have been desired.

I have time to add but little more. The remaining details of the siege; the able co-operation of the United States squadron, successively under the command of Commodores Conner and Perry; the admirable conduct of the whole army—regulars and volunteers—I should be happy to dwell upon as they deserve; but the steamer Princeton, with Commodore Conner on board, is under way, and I have commenced organizing an advance into the interior. This may be delayed a few days, waiting the arrival of additional means of transportation. In the meantime, a joint operation, by land and water, will be made upon Alvarado. No lateral expedition, however, shall interfere with the grand movement towards the capital.

In consideration of the great services of Colonel Totten, in the siege that has just terminated most successfully, and the importance of his presence, at Washington, as the head of the engineer bureau, I intrust this despatch to his personal care, and beg to commend him to the very favorable consideration of the department.—I have the honor to remain, sir, with high respect, your most obedient servant,
WINFIELD SCOTT.

Hon. W. L. Marcy, Secretary of War.

ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION OF THE CITY OF VERA CRUZ AND THE CASTLE OF SAN JUAN D' ULLOA.

PUNTE DE HORNOS,

Without the walls of Vera Cruz, Sat., March 27, 1847.

Terms of capitulation agreed upon by the commissioners, viz:

Generals W. J. Worth and G. J. Pillow, and Col. J. G. Totten, chief Engineer, on the part of Major General Scott, general-in-chief of the armies of the

United States; and Col. Jose Gutierrez de Villanuevas, Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers, Manuel Robles, and Colonel Pedro de Herrera, commissioners appointed by General of Brigade Don Jose Juan Landero, commanding in chief, Vera Cruz, the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa and their dependencies—for the surrender to the arms of the United States of the said forts, with their armaments, munitions of war, garrisons, and arms.

1. The whole garrison, or garrisons to be surrendered to the arms of the United States, as prisoners of war, the 29th instant, at ten o'clock, a. m., the garrisons to be permitted to march out with all the honors of war, and to lay down their arms to such officers as may be appointed by the general-in-chief of the United States armies, and at a point to be agreed upon by the commissioners.

2. Mexican officers shall preserve their arms and private effects, including horses and horse furniture, and to be allowed, regular and irregular officers, as also the rank and file, five days to retire to their respective homes, on parole, as hereinafter prescribed.

3. Coincident with the surrender, as stipulated in article 1. the Mexican flag of the various forts and stations shall be struck, saluted by their own batteries; and, immediately thereafter, Forts Santiago and Concepcion and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, occupied by the forces of the United States.

4. The rank and file of the regular portion of the prisoners to be disposed of, after surrender and parole, as their general-in-chief may desire, and the irregular to be permitted to return to their homes. The officers, in respect to all arms and descriptions of force giving the usual parole, that the said rank and file, as well as themselves, shall not serve again until duly exchanged.

5. All the materiel of war, and all public property of every description found in the city, the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa and their dependencies, to belong to the United States; but the armament of the same (not injured or destroyed in the further prosecution of the actual war) may be considered as liable to be restored to Mexico by a definite treaty of peace.

6. The sick and wounded Mexicans to be allowed to remain in the city, with such medical officers and attendants and officers of the army as may be necessary to their care and treatment.

7. Absolute protection is solemnly guaranteed to persons in the city, and property, and it is clearly understood that no private building or property is to be taken or used by the forces of the United States, without previous arrangement with the owners, and for a fair equivalent.

8. Absolute freedom of religious worship and ceremonies is solemnly guaranteed.

(Signed in duplicate.)

W. J. WORTH, Brigadier General.
GID. J. PILLOW, Brigadier General.
Jos. G. TOTTEN, Col. and Chief Eng'r.
JOSE GUTIERREZ DE VILLANUEVA.
PEDRO MANUEL HERRERA.
MANUEL ROBLES.

Captain Aulick—appointed a commissioner, by Commodore Perry on behalf of the navy, (the general-in-chief not being able, in consequence of the roughness of the sea, to communicate with the navy until after commissions had been exchanged)—and being present by General Scott's invitation and concurring in the result and approving thereof—hereto affixes his name and signature.

J. H. AULICK, Capt. U. S. N.

Headquarters of the Army of the United States of America, Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 27, 1847.

Approved and accepted:

WINFIELD SCOTT.
M. C. PERRY,
Commander-in-chief U. S. N. forces, Gulf of Mexico.
Vera Cruz, Marzo 27, 1847.

Approbably accepted:

JOSE JUAN DE LANDERO.
A true copy of the original articles of capitulation
E. P. SCAMMON,
1st Lieut Topo. Eng.s. Act'g, Aid-de camp.

Imperial Parliament.

THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

House of Commons, March 2.

Mr. BOUVERIE moved for a Select Committee "to inquire whether, and in what part of Scotland, and under what circumstances, large numbers of her Majesty's subjects had been deprived of the means of religious worship by the refusal of certain proprietors to grant them sites for the erection of churches." Mr. Bouverie supported his motion with general arguments in favour of religious freedom, and of self-government in matters ecclesiastical. A large and influential body of persons in Scotland have left the Establishment of that country; and the schism is not temporary, as many affected to believe it. To show the importance of the Free Protestant Church, Mr. Bouverie mentioned, that that Church had, in less than four years, collected for ecclesiastical purposes no less a sum than £1,254,000. It had built 630 churches, and established a vast number of normal and other schools. It was the Free Church which was the first to take steps for investigating and relieving the distress in Scotland. Mr. Bouverie mentioned cases in which sites for churches had been refused. Two occurred on the Duke of Buccleuch's property: one of those was at Canobie; the minister attending that meeting had to travel a distance of thirty miles, and then had to officiate in the open air. The Duke of Buccleuch, who is himself a Dissenter, [from the Scotch Establishment—i.e. belongs to the Church of England,] has erected a chapel at Dalkeith, where the service is performed in strict conformity with the liturgy of the Church of England. Lord Macdonald has thought fit to refuse sites. On the property of Sir James Riddell, 4,000 people are obliged to perform public worship in the open air; and the minister of a district in the Isle of Mull is obliged to officiate in a boat. Mr. Bouverie mentioned with approval the Earl of Aberdeen, who had waived his own opinions in favour of more tolerant conduct. On the formation of new parishes in Scotland, the Court of Sessions has the power of granting authority to reserve four acres of land whereon to build a manse; a similar power might be given in favour of the Free Church. Such powers are taken for "the public convenience" in cases of railways, Metropolitan improvements, sanitary regulations, and enclosure acts. At present, however, he only asked for inquiry.

The debate that ensued was more polemical than animated. The motion was supported by Mr. Ewart—who said that the grievance needed exposure; also by Mr. Fox Maule, and Colonel Mure.

Ministers assented to the inquiry. Sir George Grey said he had hoped that the landowners of Scotland would take Sir James Graham's advice and super-

sede a direct legislative remedy by deference to public opinion: but they had not done so. Perhaps there might be reason for refusal in certain cases; and in order to come at the truth, inquiry would be very proper.

Sir ROBERT INGLIS led the opposition to the motion. He contended that regard ought to be paid not only to the conscience of members of the Free Kirk, but also to the conscience of those who belonged to the Established Church. If the right to free sites were granted to seceders, he did not see how a similar right could be refused to Roman Catholics. And the question remained, whether they were to impose on any man the obligation to find sites on his own property for places of worship where the doctrine to be preached was hostile to his own.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM objected to inquiry. The facts were not disputed; and inquiry was more likely to provoke than to allay bitterness and religious animosity. Mr. Ewart avowed that it was meant for "exposure." Refusal of sites is the exception, not the rule; and the cases are rapidly diminishing in number.

The opposition was followed up by Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Francis Scott, and Mr. Stuart Wortley—who reminded the House that the Duke of Buccleuch had been provoked by insolent demeanour on the part of persons claiming the sites.

Mr. FOX MAULE denied that the facts were admitted. It is true that the number of cases is diminished, but there are still thirty cases of refusal.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL reminded the House, that he had formerly resisted the claims of the Free Church, before the unfortunate secession. He did not agree in the grounds of that secession; but a great number of people in Scotland having followed their ministers in separating from the Established Church, everything which could be done to enable those ministers to preach the doctrine which they believed to their followers ought to be done; and when they saw the congregations meeting in the mud and in boats, exposed to wind and rain, it must be admitted that there was a considerable grievance. These things were justified on the score of the rights of property—

"I must say, with regard to a legislative remedy for these things, I am, on the one hand, very unwilling to adopt any legislation on a subject touching so nearly the conscientious opinions of men; but, on the other hand, if I should have it proved to me, by a Committee of inquiry, that those grievances are suffered, and that there is no such sufficient defence—that there is not a special and peculiar case in which the proprietor's personal character is attacked, in which he finds it quite impossible to grant sites without sowing division among all his tenants and the people living on his estate, but that all refused on the ground that this is a religious sect of which the proprietors disapproved, and that in thirty cases those refusals still exist—that in thirty cases the congregations are thus obliged to attend Divine worship on the Sabbath without any shelter to cover them, without any roof over their head—I must say, that if after a patient hearing, and hearing the facts on both sides, if those facts should be established, I should not be indisposed to interpose with some legislative remedy."

The case is especially one for inquiry, because it involves a great principle—

"If you establish it in the Free Church in Scotland, if at any time any complaint comes from the Roman Catholics of Ireland, or from the Society of Friends, or from any other religious society or persuasion, you must carry out the same principle. It must be universal, and what you do in the one case you must do in the other. But that would not convince me that you ought not in an extreme case to assent to a legislative remedy: because nothing is more sacred—there is nothing which the House ought to consider more sacred, than to allow every individual in this country to worship God according to his conscience; and, if obstacles are interposed which would prevent that free worship, to remove them."

The House divided; and the motion was affirmed, by 89 to 61.

EMIGRATION.

House of Commons, March 4.

Mr. VERNON SMITH moved as follows—

"That in order to assist and encourage voluntary emigration to the Colonies, it is expedient to increase the importance and authority of the Land and Emigration Board, to add to their agency in Great Britain and Ireland, and promote their vigilant superintendence of the passage and future location of the emigrants."

The necessity of emigration is shown by the redundant numbers in our urban districts, and by the fact that 668,000 persons are employed on the public works in Ireland. Mr. Smith advised that the emigrants should be encouraged to go to the Australian Colonies, where they would be gladly received, rather than to America. He contrasted the aid furnished to "exiles," or pardoned convicts, with the refusal of aid to the honest father of a family desiring to seek employment in the Colonies. He proposed that the Emigration Commissioners should collect and distribute information as to the parishes desiring to send out emigrants, and the advantages offered by the several Colonies; that the number of agents at the outposts—much wanted in Ireland—should be increased from ten to twenty; and that the Chief Commissioner should have a seat in Parliament. He also thought the dependence of the Board on the Colonial office highly objectionable.

The motion was supported by Mr. Mackinnon, Mr. Lefroy, Mr. Kerr, and Mr. Smith O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien advised, that when emigrants are sent out, ample provision should be made for administering to their religious wants, according to their persuasion; and he asked what Government would do to aid emigration? Dr. Bowring called for a declaration as to the extent to which responsible government would be carried into effect. [For answer, Mr. Hawes referred him to Lord John Russell's general declaration last year, in favour of giving the Colonies control over their own affairs.] Sir Walter James said, that if Government did not resort to some large plan of emigration, there would be no resource for the starving Irish but to lie down and die.

Mr. G. W. HOPE opposed the motion; pleading lack of "the sinews of war."

Three of the ministers also opposed it.—Mr. Hawes, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Charles Buller. Mr. Hawes said, that the Board was not intended to promote the spirit of emigration, but to give assistance and advice, to remove impediments and difficulties where parties emigrated of their own accord. He maintained the efficiency of the Board: under its superintendence, 48,000 persons left this country. Mortality in emigrant ships has greatly decreased; the migration of Coolies from India and of Africans from Sierra Leone has been conducted with a decreasing ratio of mortality. Such emigration is not colonization—he did not speak of that—the Board was not constituted to undertake that. He wished he could speak of colonization definitely; but it depends

upon sufficiency of funds. Its first and great elements are free institutions and good government: and in that direction a beginning has been made in New Zealand. Not wishing to meet the motion by a direct negative, he moved "the previous question."

Lord JOHN RUSSELL replied to Mr. Smith O'Brien's inquiries. Government possesses no means of forming an estimate as to the number of emigrants that could be safely located in the North American Colonies. It was not the intention of Government to pay the passage-money of emigrants in any case—it ought to be carried on by landlords, or by the friends of the parties wishing to emigrate. As much as £100,000 had been sent from the United States last year for that purpose. In the Colonies, Lord John Russell said, there is a feeling against emigration. To apply any additional stimulus at present, would only add to the general distress, and might have the effect of inundating the Colonies with labour which they do not want.

Mr. CHARLES BULLER did not deny that improvements might be effected in the machinery of the Emigration Board; but the difficulties of colonization did not lie there. The great difficulties now are, the imperfect state of colonial governments, the utter impossibility of getting any land-fund to defray the cost of emigration, and the want of any effectual control over waste lands, alienated in the most lavish manner by past Governments. Mr. Buller quoted instances of this alienation from Lord Durham's Report—in particular, the case of Prince Edward's Island, alienated in a single day, and still in the most backward state. The way to fit the Colonies for colonization is to give every settlement self-government from the first, and to establish a system for the disposal of waste lands.

The amendment was affirmed.

CRACOW; STOPPAGE OF THE RUSSIAN SUBSIDY.

House of Commons, March 4.

Mr. HUME called attention to the question of Cracow, and moved the following resolutions—

"1. That this House, considering the faithful observance of the General Act of Congress, or treaty of Vienna, of the 9th day of June 1815, as the basis of the peace and welfare of Europe, views with alarm and indignation the incorporation of the free city of Cracow, and of its territory, into the empire of Austria, by virtue of a convention entered into at Vienna, on the 6th day of November, 1846, by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, in the manifest violation of the said treaty.

"2. That it appears by returns laid before Parliament, that there has already been paid from the British treasury towards the principal, and for the interest of the debt called Russo Dutch Loan, between the years 1816 and 1846, both inclusive, the sum of 40,493,750 florins, equal to £3,374,479 sterling money; and that the liquidation of the principal and interest of the remaining part of the loan as stipulated by the act 2d and 3d of William the Fourth, chap. 81, will require further annual payments from the British treasury until the year 1918, amounting to 47,006,250 florins, equal to £3,917,187 sterling money,—making then the aggregate payment £7,291,666, and the average for each of the hundred years, £72,916.

"3. That the convention of the 16th day of November 1831, between his Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of All the Russias, was made to explain the stipulations of the treaty between Great Britain, and the Netherlands, signed at London, on the 9th day of May, 1815 and included in the treaty of Vienna; and by that convention it was agreed by Great Britain, to secure to Russia the payment of a portion of her old Dutch debt, in consideration of the general arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, to which she had given her adhesion; arrangements which remain in full force."

"4. That this house is therefore of opinion, that Russia having withdrawn that adhesion, and those arrangements being, through her act, no longer in force, the payments from this country on account of that debt, should be henceforth suspended."

He reminded the House, that he had done so at the close of last session, when the free state of Cracow was occupied by Russian and Austrian troops. Lord Palmerston then assured the House that the occupation was to be only temporary, and begged them not to believe any statements to the contrary. In the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington expressed equal confidence in his own allies and friends. At the opening of this session, the Queen made a declaration that the treaty of Vienna had been violated by the extinction of Cracow. Mr. Hume quoted the diplomatic correspondence on the subject; criticizing it as he went, and showing the falsehood of the Austrian share in it. Lord Palmerston "protested," but what would men who could so violate their sacred honor and engagements care for a protest! England is pledged not to sanction those unholy robberies. No one had made such sacrifices as this country to promote the objects of the treaty: it had cost her £600,000,000. The Three Powers had violated it repeatedly, and now it is destroyed, and with it the arrangements of the peace. The partition of Poland is no longer legal, the parties to it have violated the stipulations; every state is free from its obligations; he had no hesitation in saying that the people even of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, are absolved from their allegiance. One stipulation of the treaty was the payment, by England, of the Russo-Dutch loan. That stipulation was continued in the convention in 1831, "in consideration of the general arrangements at the Congress of Vienna." Russia has violated one article of the treaty; let England refuse to execute another. On that point, Mr. Hume read the following passage from Vattel, with which Mr. Watson had furnished him—

"The party, therefore, who is offended or injured in those particulars which constitute the basis of the treaty, is at liberty to choose the alternative of either compelling a faithless ally to fulfil his agreements, or of declining the treaty dissolved by his violation of it. . . . We cannot consider the several articles of the same treaty as so many distinct and independent treaties; for though we do not see any immediate connection between some of those articles, they are all connected by this common relation, namely, that the contracting powers have agreed to some of them in consideration of the others, and by way of compensation."

By refusing payment of the interest on the Russo-Dutch loan, England would give an earnest that she did not remain quiescent under the infraction of the treaty.

Lord SANDON seconded the motion. He quoted further correspondence to show that the Three Powers, and especially Prussia, had distinctly recognised the necessity of referring to England before disturbing the arrangement of Cracow. He proved from the history of the Congress of Vienna, that so far from being a separate arrangement, between the three Powers, the settlement of Poland formed the most critical point in the discussion between the representatives of all the Powers. Lord Sandon intimated that he was not quite con-

dent in the grounds which made him disposed to concur in the fourth resolution.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL opposed the motion; stating his general view on the subject. He did not admit that the arrangement respecting Poland was anything but a constituent and important part of the treaty. The mere size of the independent state was of no moment, as the object was to retain, for some part of the Polish nation a separate existence. As to the allegation that Cracow was "a focus of conspiracy," it is of no force, because the Three Powers perfectly surround the territory, and could easily prevent any danger. He could not but suspect that the "disorganization" imputed to Cracow was not unwelcome. All the reasons for the course taken by the Three Powers seemed to him to be inadequate. With respect, however, to Mr. Hume's resolutions, the House would remember that it is the prerogative of the Crown to manage foreign relations and to make treaties. If a treaty of commerce or of subsidy is signed, requiring the intervention of Parliament, it is usual to ask the concurrence of Parliament; but for the House to affirm a resolution merely declaring an opinion on a matter which is not thus brought by necessity before the House, is not the correct or regular course of proceeding. It is not necessary, in the ordinary course of foreign affairs, that the House should at all interfere or declare its opinion on these subjects. It would not do to declare an opinion without following up the resolution by some action on the part of the Executive Government; and for that reason, he had never admired the annual declarations in the French Chambers with regard to Poland. In respect of the loan, Lord John Russell said, it is not quite clear that the violation in respect of Cracow releases this country from the payment; the Law-officers of the Crown think that, according to the spirit of the arrangement under the convention of 1831, the sum ought to be paid. According to the letter of the agreement, perhaps, in a court of law, such a plea might be urged to get rid of a contract, but England was not used to avail herself of such advantage; to refuse payment as a revenge for the violation of treaties—to reduce it to a mere question of money value—would lower the position of this country; and he exhorted the House to continue its acquiescence in Lord Palmerston's protest—

"Let us be able to say that we have sought no interest of England in this matter. We have not looked to any interest, either large or petty, in regard to ourselves; we have regarded the great interests of Europe; we have desired that the settlement which put an end to a century of bloodshed should remain in full force and vigour. We have declared that sentiment to the world; and we trust that the reprobation with which the transaction has been met will in future lead all Powers, whoever they may be, who may be induced to violate treaties, to consider that they will meet with the disinterested protest of England, so that her character shall stand before the world untarnished by any act of her own. (Great Cheering.)"

Some dispute arose as to the adjournment of the debate; Mr. Hume and his supporters pressing for the next evening. Lord John Russell pleaded for Government business on the Government night; and Sir Robert Peel took his part. Then Tuesday was proposed; but as the paper for that day was very full, it was ultimately arranged that the adjournment should stand for Thursday next.

Foreign Summary.

Parliament, during the week ending March 19th, was occupied with a long discussion on Ireland, which terminated in permission being given to proceed with the government measures; the ten hours bill, and after one division all the clauses of it passed, and the factory bill.

The *Universal German Gazette* announces that Prussia has just concluded a treaty with America for the reciprocal extradition of Criminals.

The Belgian government has authorised a company to establish a large factory at Liege for the manufacture of gun cotton.

An account of the loans advanced on the security of the poor rates in Ireland for the building of the work-houses, obtained on a motion of Sir J. Graham, shows that a total amount of £1,145,800 has been so advanced of which £1,062,312 remained unpaid on the 5th January, 1847.

At a sale of rare books, which commenced in London yesterday week, a very beautiful copy of the Mazarin Bible, which is attributed to the press of Gutenberg, at Mentz, and of which only 14 copies are known to be in existence, was sold for £500 to buyers for the American Museum at Washington.

In the House of Commons, the great Cracow debate, which lasted several days, was concluded by Mr. Hume withdrawing the motion which brought the subject under the discussion of the House.

Accounts from Ireland state that emigration is rapidly increasing and along all the lines which lead from the interior to the ports of embarkation, a continued stream flows towards the west. It is announced in the Cork papers, that over two hundred tenants of the Duke of Devonshire, in the south of Ireland, many of them holding large farms, and all of them in comfortable circumstances, are about to emigrate; and so great is the stream from the north-west of Ireland; that the Royal Canal Company have found it necessary to put on an additional packet-boat, for the exclusive use of emigrants from Sligo, Donegal, Leitrim, Longford and Westmeath.

At the usual meeting of the Repeal Association in Dublin, on the 14th ult., a letter was read from Mr. John O'Connell, in which he states that his father is ordered to the south of Europe by his physicians, and he adds that they promise him restored health and constitution by next autumn.

Ireland.—In the midst of the appalling scenes of destitution and death, food is pouring into this country from all parts of the world, yet without seeming to arrest, in the least degree, the rapid strides of famine. The *Cork Reporter* says that, in three consecutive days, no less than 45 vessels arrived in that harbor laden with grain. The markets are well supplied with Indian corn, which has generally declined in price, as well as other kind of breadstuffs.

All the accounts agree that the distresses in Ireland, and suffering of the people, are unmitigated and surpass all that the imagination can picture. And it is sad to learn that the spring sowing has hardly begun in a majority of the rural districts. The provision is therefore made for the ensuing year. The *Cork Examiner* says:—

"From the melancholy accounts we receive, day after day, from gentlemen of undoubted accuracy and intelligence, of the general neglect of this propitious season for cultivation of the land—of the extensive tracts of country that are still untouched by the plough, spade or harrow—of the stupid apathy and sullen despair that seem to hang like a dark cloud over the minds of all classes—landlords, middlemen and farmers—we are reluctantly compelled to believe that the present season of calamity is but the precursor of one more terrible, more appalling, more destructive to human life."

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 5 a — per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1847.

There have of late been a great number of arrivals from England, which is a pretty general case at this time of year. We have, since our last, received our advices and intelligence up to the 20th ult. inclusive, but nothing of very interesting subject, except the apparent reconciliation between the French and English Ministers, the cease in the rise of the price of grain, the rapid progress in the civilized states of Europe in the liberal state of international trade.

As for the matter of the Montpensier Marriage, we feel very certain that it will rise again, and will hereafter be the source of either hard words or strong actions.

We have observed in a recent Canadian Journal some observations on the "Modern Commercial System," on which we are desirous to make a few running comments, because the article is, we think, well written, although founded on wrong principles, which the writer has throughout kept in sight. But a favourite motto of ours is "Magna est veritas et prevalebit," and the writer's arguments, or our attempt, will be sure to fall to the ground on the right prevailing. The writer says the fostering of trade is gaining ground by a "hot-house" rapidity; we think not but that it has been quietly gaining strength by an occult application, and that lately, since the bud has been ripe for bursting into bloom, its process is more obvious to the eye of understanding than it was before. In the first place we here tell the writer (should this meet his eye) that our purpose is not a paper warfare, but an endeavour to elicit true reflection and conclusion, in writing this, which is the reason that we have not quoted the paper on which we write, and for the editor of which we have much more than a professed respect.

As to sweeping away many of "the relics of ancient times," we may observe that this is a mutable world as regards the human race, many, if not all, of their infant institutions become changed by circumstances, for instance, by new settlement, by conquest, by increase in the population, by even change in language, by stirring and influential people, in short, by a thousand matters which could be mentioned, and in which cases the reason that is bestowed on man (who is appointed the lord and master of the world's surface) is to work to put affairs upon the best footing that their wisdom may devise; and that as wisdom is seen on the advance and never perfect, so "the wisdom of our ancestors" is a thing to be employed in after-considerations, but never to be referred to as the consummation of sagacity, else the wisdom and cogitations of after years is labour in vain, and no one yet has had the boldness to draw the line as to where that "wisdom of our ancestors" is to have its line of demarkation drawn. On the contrary it is not very plain that new circumstances have arisen, now changes have from time to time taken place in the world, which have required and require constant additions of wisdom, circumspection, and experience to meet, and to keep the whole in good order and proper working?

The writer says, "the whole superstructure of English character, and society," or what it "had permanently rested, deserves consideration, but has not complied with this animadversion, even if such permanency had existed, which it had not; but we will endeavour to do as much on that score as we can for him, and that we may do so with the least circumlocution let us be allowed to call things by their right names.

In the earliest parts of the history of the world, we find mankind very much engrossed with wars of conquest, and those who were not so engaged were considered less honourable than they were whose occupation was that of arms. To say nothing of the anterior history, we will observe that as the Saxons extended their conquests in England, as the Danes, and as the Normans, the kings divided the possessions of the lands among the best soldiers, chiefs, followers, or those whose services they wished either to reward or retain. Thus a few became masters of great estates, which again these latter sub-divided in like manner among their inferiors, by far the greater majority of whom continued to be followers or soldiers of the chief, did nothing towards the production of necessary consumption, but left that to be done by the small proportion of cultivators of the soil; the latter who had many to supply above their own fellow labourers in the toil, and we may well suppose, with the general knowledge of human nature, were well paid (that is the proprietors) for the general demand, and for the less honourable employment of cultivating the soil, though vitally necessary, than that of cutting their fellow-creatures throats and taking away the property of others. Now the agriculturists were generally serfs, they received no thing from their labours but their own (often very poor) maintenance, they raised food for the military retainers, their lords, and luxurious great ones, and what remained after these necessities was the property of the lord of estate. The whole population was certainly much smaller than at present, such was the voluptuous feasting and the inexperience of looking carefully to the possibilities of the future, not a little contributed to occasional famines, and foreign supplies of the kind were nearly unknown.

Is such a condition of things to be compared with that of the present? And is it not a true picture? The only free men were the opulent landlords. The givings of the earth were wasted on what Adam Smith considered the "unproductive" classes, and the improvements, the discoveries, the inventions, the advantages, the benefits, the luxuries to the mass of mankind which were unknown in those days, and which commerce, opposition, and necessary operations of human reason in collision has produced, would have continued unknown to mankind at large. Even the supporters of "the wisdom of our ancestors" enjoy advantages which they do not recollect whilst they are inveighing against

modern times, but which, we believe, that a brief consideration of, would shut their mouths and spare the labours of their pens.

But in England the great War of the Roses made an immense alteration in the condition of the people. The rich and the influential took part with either the red or the white, and they were anxious to bring as strong a force as possible, from their own estates, partly to aid the cause, partly to exhibit their own importance. The kings for the time being, and the great ones were also desirous of cultivating the people in their favour, and gave privileges to the cities, towns, trades, and so forth, so that insensibly the people became aware of their own consequence, and in the perpetual change of events, they became traders; they, as free, became farmers, from different sources, they at length became aware of the advantages of wealth, and gradually learnt how to acquire and how to take care of it. The ill-used Jews had taught them a little of the latter, and where self is concerned, we are not, any of us, backward scholars. The War of the Roses was the end of many a noble family, the few that remained after that time were scarce indeed, and were looked up to, as examples by the moderns of the day. Hence the love of name, the pride of rank, the desire of income, the lording over the tenantry, and many other things were the faults of these moderns, magnified as we now see, like that of the upstart when he attempts to imitate the gentleman of breeding, family, and notions in which he has been brought up—they were carried to excess, if not caricatured. Henry of Richmond put down the excessive power and influence of the aristocracy which was then as much as he could manage, by allowing the sales to certain extent of lands, and the people who had personal property, to buy. And now we find the people a department of the subjects well worth considering by the government. This was an important crisis of the English history. The country had a great many more owners than hitherto; the aristocracy was not so powerful, because "divide et impera" was then and always an excellent political maxim. But about this time there ceased in a very great measure to be wars. Government seemed to be getting better understood, both at home and abroad. Wars of conquest were to be found chiefly in India or in the newly discovered world of America; the latter existed no longer at home. The vexed question of kingly right was, for the present, at an end, forfeited estates were no more, yet still the possessors of estates were desirous, like those who were gone, of having large incomes and of cutting a figure. But although wars were now measurably at end, there were more people to feed; the mortality by the destruction of the sword or by gunpowder, or other sort of warfare was much at end, and the numerous soldiers had "to turn their swords into pruning hooks." In short there came almost suddenly a number of labourers either in agriculture, mechanical, or gradually invented trades, commerce, or some employment in which the *quid pro quo* was the order of the day. Thus far the agricultural interest suffered not, for though there might be many more working thereat, there was many more that received the supply, and the demand was equal to the supply, as well as the products being turned into many advantageous, luxuries, or other desired matters occasioned by the continual and multiplied wants of mankind.

But although the population has increased very fast during the last 350 years yet we do not find that the superficial dimensions of the land have increased in like proportion; consequently it might be imagined that the alteration would hereafter require that supplies would have to be sought where a surplus could be found. It is true that by invention, the art of turning raw materials into required condition, commerce extended, exchanges and barters effected, and many a similar cause has done much, and for which we ought to be thankful and grateful that God has given us reason, intellect, and many an attribute which make up what we call "human wisdom," but at length something happens to the country which could neither have been foreseen nor prevented by the wise. A famine, or at the very best, a scarcity is found. If it is necessary that men must live, it is also necessary that they must seek out provisions where they are to be found; they cannot be supplied in their own country. But the landholders virtually say "No, no!" If the people abroad ever know the advantage of such a market as ours for the sale of their spare produce, farewell to our emolument in plentiful seasons; farewell to our advantages in being the only means of supply. Let not the foreigner sell here, as to our own people, let them starve and die, but do not compel us to reduce our rents that the farmer may sell the cheaper to the famished multitude. They do not consider that the farmer only can sell as much as he has, but they are afraid of permitting the foreign seller. Shame on this kind of protection!

The principal part of the article which is the text of the present remarks, is mutual free trade, and we have not yet touched thereon, neither shall we today, because we cannot devote more time on the paper at present; but we propose to resume our observations, and we perceive the writer proposes to go on with touching on the merchant and the trader; whilst this is the case with him we will continue also, as we have thought seriously and anxiously on the subjects connected therewith.

The London Times of the latest dates is of opinion that Ireland has not only been a difficulty to the late Premier, Sir Robert Peel, but it has likewise been the greatest difficulty, and seems still to be, of his successor, Lord John Russell. We have great respect of the Times as a Journal, and it is likewise published on the spot where the business and the actors are, but in our (perhaps obtuse) opinion the matter should now be comparatively easy. The Government has done much, very much, great sacrifices have been made to aid the people who are suffering under famine, much has been done to set their consciences and feelings at ease, the Parliaments are continually at deliberations, for the benefit of the Irish, Legislatures at present have their time employed about two thirds of the whole, and directly or indirectly Irish Gentlemen enjoy more than a third of the

two houses of Parliaments; it is quite time that the clamour there should be neither so loud nor so constant at the present juncture, as there are plenty of persons to keep watch that Irish affairs be not suspended improperly in the legislature. There are, and have been, many reasons why the improvement in Ireland as a country, aye, and the present famine may be likened to France in the reign of Louis XIV. The mass are infatuated by the fame and glory of one name. In that of the great Monarque, Louis Quatorze, was France; his splendor, his magnificence, his wealth, his gratification was more important in the eyes of the French nation, than the real prosperity of the nation, than the real happiness of the People, and when the time of revolution came to pass, neither nobility nor people possessed any wealth to meet the awful crisis when it came upon them. The people for many generations saw with complacency the extravagant and profuse mode of living, practised by their landlords, and heard with much satisfaction of the hospitality practised by the last; not thinking that it was at the expense of the mass, and even lending themselves to the evil by suffering these expenders to get into debt though nine times in ten they lost their demands. The glory of the character was enough, except in the cases where the creditor was ruined by the debtor. Then again, in latest times, O'Connell became their oracle and their demi-god. They listened to his projects, impracticable, as they were; they gave in past years, hundreds of thousands of pounds, on projects which never were advanced, and the expenses of those sums are yet in the cloud-mass. They neglected industry that they might be part of the tail of this comet, and the brightness of this tail was their substance which the heat thus consumed. The evil day has come upon them, and where is the assistance which they ought to have from the landlord? He is as much distressed as they are, and is obliged, more than themselves, to get help—we may properly call it alms—from the legislature, instead of encouraging his tenants to improve his property. Where is the Demagogue? He is no farther in advance, and his tail is nearly burnt to a cinder. Where are the many thousands that have been sacrificed in following a will-of-the-wisp? Echo answers "where." If they had the last, although it might not have sufficed entirely to have covered the present visitation, it would have greatly tended to preserve their real independence, and might have helped materially to keep up their hearts to bear the remainder of the evil, and to devise schemes against the present famine. They would have been men and not beggars. But now we find that the Irish have thanklessly accepted the loan of eight millions of pounds to do that which it was their duty to do under any circumstances—to put their own property in order.

Therefore, as the habit of accepting may render the national heart, like the individual heart, callous, and the habit of demanding or begging may gradually take wider and wider bounds; Lord John is bound to put a check on the asking and receiving, and to protect the rest of the empire from being constantly annoyed by bull-begging. Far, far, indeed, be it from our wish that the public hand should be stopped in liberality whilst actual distress is manifest, but every possible motive should be used to make the present sufferers have a notion of their own independence, and of the necessity that they should in future work and be economical for themselves, and not call unblushingly on other parts of the empire and on strangers to aid them in their improvidence.

We trust that when the present calamity shall be over, and the large permanent help given, that the government will, with sufficiently quick gradations insist that Ireland maintain itself, by agriculture, and by trade, as the repealers insist that the country once could do, and that the people show that they are able to support and govern themselves, (for both may be made obvious enough) before any toleration be allowed in future to the cry of repeal.

In nearly seven hundred years the state of society, and the conditions of the empire have undergone great alteration, during that time Ireland has been under the English Government for the most part; and we confess that until now it has not been properly treated, and rather as a conquest than as an integral part of the Kingdom; but now adays it would be inconvenient for the quietude of both that Ireland should be either independent in its legislature or joined to any other government. We hope therefore that this volatile people will be treated in a way that will tend to industry, quiet, and freedom, apart from license of general conduct.

The Government of England have at last found out, what they might have found out long since, that a plan of education in England could never be framed, so long as there is a state religion and that this is immensely in the minority of the number of professors in the country. Not that we are here indirectly admiring the voluntary system, for we are aware that the latter has evils in its consequences which we think can hardly be compensated. But in the notions that have been formed with respect to carrying teaching well on, through the country, we are very much pleased with some; such as examiners and inspectors knowing intimately once a year the condition of each school, a sufficient payment to the teachers, an allowance to the deserving in their old age and the infirmity of age in the last mentioned department, the permission to them to have a certain proportion of apprentices, and the payment to the masters for having such, rather as a premium to forward the apprentices, as future effective teachers, and a number of particulars tending to enforce these good ends. We confess that we were hurt, and disappointed that an English Divine, a superior priest of the Christian church, should have made a remark in Parliament like the following: "The Bishop of St. Asaph apprehended that the effect of the arrangement would be, with respect to apprentices the raising all the school-masters from the lowest class of the society." Now, had an ancient Egyptian said this, or a Brahmin, or a Chinese Bonze, one would not have been started at it; but a Christian, a churchman (and we know that a great majority of these

are from the people), and, though a commenor himself is artificially a member of The Lords is too bad." The real excellence of the thing is the very matter, and as the education contemplated is that of The People at large, it is one of the things which will give in a more or less degree emulation and zeal. The Bishop recommended Government to form Grammar Schools, by which a better order of teachers could be procured. We doubt the last, very much, for the masses.

The astonishing and continuous success of the United States troops in Mexico seems to have put the nation in a ferment, and we can no longer hereafter find surprise at their success, for they almost carry it in their determination. The whole of the loan has been completed above par.

Feichtwanger's Bug Destroyer.—The season is just coming on, when the above invaluable article will well deserve public attention. No one is ignorant of the nuisance which it pretends to clear away, and certainly (and we speak from experience) the article is the best and least harmless generally we have ever met with. We strongly recommend all families, particularly at this period to try the efficacy of this nostrum. They will not be disappointed.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE SCHOOL.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

We promised in last week's paper to make a more extended notice of this Institution, which was founded in 1833. Professor Mapes is President of the Society. Classes are organised to receive infant children, who are carried through all the preparatory courses to fit them for a Collegiate education.

Singing is also taught by the veteran teacher George Andreiss.

The regular charges for admission are from three to six dollars for non-members. About 25 per cent. is deducted for the children of members. Members pay an admission fee of one dollar, and two dollars yearly. A life membership requires the payment of twenty-five dollars. All classes of the community admitted to membership. There are at present about 230 male, and an equal number of female scholars.

Scholars, preparing for admission in either the Columbia, or Union Colleges, or the University, are required to read the classics to some extent to have a free admission conferred upon them.

The New York University, when making an application for a charter, proposed to give free admission to scholars of the Mechanics' Institute, consequently that feature in the charter became incorporated. Columbia and Union Colleges then volunteered to extend the same privileges.

The funds that accumulate are applied to promote natural and physical sciences, by the purchase of apparatus, the increase of library and teachers, &c.

The library and reading room, containing about 3,500 volumes, is located under the east wing of the City Hall, and is open every day for the use of members who desire to avail themselves of the reading room and circulating library. An inspection alone of "Napoleon's great work in Egypt," which cost the Institute \$700, and is amongst the collection, is worth the price of subscription. The London Repertory of Arts, Sciences and Inventions, a work rarely seen in this country, is to be found on the table at the Institute.

A very rare and extensive collection of minerals are arranged at the reading room; and a large collection of philosophical apparatus valued at several thousand dollars.

At the exercises which took place at the Tabernacle last week, the following composition, written and read by Miss Bunker, a young lady about fourteen years of age, is given as the emanation of a budding intellect, arising from a fruitful soil, that deserves developing into a still more blooming maturity.

NATURE.

When we look on the broad face of Nature, our mind is overwhelmed with the beauty and magnificence of all that is before us, and when comparisons are drawn between the works of man, and the works of God, how poor is the one compared with the other. In the city's crowded streets we see the ingenuity of man, and though we meet with elegance and taste, all is forgotten when we turn to the beauty of Nature, the innumerable hues of which no language can describe, no artist can paint. When the verdant Spring appears with its light and joyous air, it is cheerfully welcomed by all. The forest streams that have been still through the cold Winter break away from their icy fetters and dance lightly on to the sea. The little birds return with the Spring, and swell their sweet notes in a song of praise to their Creator. The stately trees, and the delicate flowers, put forth their leaves and blossoms which gradually unfolding fill the air with fragrance, while close concealed within, lies the promised fruit. It is there that the heart is light with the joyful appearance of all around. The traveller's eye roves with delight over the wide prairie, where, as far as the eye can reach nothing can be seen but the tall grass and flowers, and the wild horse bounding freely over the prairie unrestrained by the curb, and with spirits unbroken. He gazes with pleasure and awe on the wild mountain scenery, where rock upon rock towers high in the air, spreading its mighty precipices over the calm lake beneath, where Nature undisguised by mimic art spreads unbounded beauty around. When dawn appears—chasing away the thick gloom and cold damps of night, the morning sun flaming up in the heavens dispels the fogs that have gathered round the hills, and the dew drops that have nestled on the roses melt beneath the burning heat. With the day all life seems to be renewed; the shepherd shakes off his light slumber, and cheerfully tends his flock; and the merry hearted school-boy whistles in concert with the little birds, whilst the chirping squirrels too join in the universal chorus. As the day advances to noon-day heat, the cattle seek the cool shelter, and the flowers droop—as if dying under the influence of the burning sun. But far in the south a cloud arises, small at first, but gradually increasing, until the sky is covered with heavy darkness; suddenly the lightning streaks the sky, instantly followed by the heavy thunder, and the rain pours down in floods. The tall trees that the hand of time has passed over, are rent apart. The proud ship that rode so gracefully on the waters a few hours before, and its gallant crew whose hopes were lately raised with the prospect of soon reaching their home, and their friends, all perish together; and, as they sink into the deep waters their cries are drown-

ed by the aggravated roar of the thunder. The storm is soon over, and the sun looks out from the broken clouds upon the grass and flowers—fresh and sparkling. When the mountain tops catch the last rays of the setting sun the flowers sink to rest, and the myriads of stars look forth, one by one, until the whole heavens seem covered with sparkling gems. Can one look on such a scene as this and call it not a holy hour. All the passions are hushed into peace, and the sick—wearied of the dull monotony of the night—gaze on the heavens till the heart is filled with love and adoration to that Being who made the universe. When the moon sheds its soft light over the foaming cataracts where the waters whirl over the giddy steep, its awful terrors seem less terrible, and the white foam appears like pearls upon its breast.

"Upon the heart how mighty is the power,
Of such a scene, in such a moonlight hour,
To earth, proud knee, and worship at this shrine,
Of Deity, how hallowed, how divine!
For where on earth, by human footsteps trod,
Is there a spot so speaks the present God
As this vast scene of awfulness and power,
So dressed in beauty at this midnight hour."

Cricketers' Chronicle.

The St. George's Cricket Club of New York is now in good force, and we do not think too much is asserted of it, in calling it the Mother-club of Cricket in the States of America. It would hardly be too much in saying that it might be considered on this Continent, like the Marylebone Club of England; for we are of opinion that it plays the Exercise well, strictly within rule, with spirit, and is in all respects honorable. The annual election gives the following returns; President—H. Jessop, Esq.; Vice President—Robert Bage, Esq.; Treasurer—J. Warrin, Esq.; Secretary—Samuel Nichols, Esq.; Committee of the ground—Messrs. Groom, Greene, Wild, and Corning;—a better selection could not have been made. The Club have laid out about \$2000 in preparing their fine new ground near the Red House, third Avenue, and will commence their season on Saturday the 24th of the present month, being the anniversary day of the St. George's Benevolent Society.

The New York Club of this city is said to be very strong this season, and are to practice on a new and greatly improved ground on the Hoboken side. Cricket is likely to be well sustained in and about New-York City, this season.

Proposed Publication on Cricket.—The editor of this Journal advertised a work on Cricket, and, although long out of health, has got it so near ready for publication that the M. S. is complete, and the cuts, embellishments, and illustrations are ready. But he has resolved not to put it to press, except by subscription, and any number can be ready in (at the utmost) ten days after any given day. The work is comprehensive, it will contain all that is known of the history of the game, instructions in practising, by learners, the exact rules of the game, the body of "Felix on the bat," and many ornamental illustrative and comic illustrations, and it is believed a most commendable work on the subject, put so conveniently that the player may carry a copy in his pocket even when prepared for playing a match, in the field. The retail price will be one Dollar each, for which persons desirous to subscribe may either write to the Anglo American office, (post-paid), or they may get numbers of the Booksellers in their vicinity; and Bookellers, and all others are requested to have their lists sent to this office by the 6th May, that on that day, the author may take the proper measures for forwarding the treatise. Booksellers who wish to have copies for retail, and liberal allowance to themselves, are not to send for fewer than six copies. The price to be forwarded with the order or subscription.

Literary Notices.

Home Treasures. (Little Glass Slipper)—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—Any one at all familiar with children's books, know this as a matter of course, and the moral it contains. We welcome this book as useful and attractive to the young, and the moral is always pressed home to the young reader. This edition has also the recommendation of apt illustrations, which are always attractive to youth.

Past and Present, and Chartism. By Thos. Carlisle. New York: Wiley & Putnam.—It is dangerous to say a word against Carlisle, because he is just now a god of literary idolatry; but we have against him the same kind of fault to allege that we do against Sheridan Knowles. Both of these persons often think well, but we are disquieted at their affectation of style. This affectation is to us absolutely nauseating, so much so that we are tempted to turn away from the writing the moment we see their names as the authors. This edition is apparently read carefully over by Carlisle himself, and he tells us he has especially done it for the benefit of the re-publication by Wiley & Putnam.

Children's Friend—New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is acknowledged to be from Berquin's celebrated work of the same name, and except that the selection thus becomes the more easily bought, it were a pity not to re-publish the whole. But it is a good present for a child, and well deserves the patronage of the old, and the reading of the young.

Lives of Eminent Individuals of America.—3 vols. 12mo.—New York: Harpers.—A work of this kind is good, originating in all countries, and intended for the rising generation, especially of the country in which it is put forth. It causes a general admiration in the young of their countrymen, it gives a noble emulation to their minds, clear of all envious feeling, and the desire to equal or excel them in some congenial point. The work has a good steel-engraved portrait of a celebrated man in each volume, and it well deserves to be largely patronised.

The Pictorial History of England, No 21.—New York: Harpers.—We need only state that this is published; its excellence of every other, for popular use, is now well known.

Chambers' Information for the People, and also Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature, No. 5—are both out, and are for sale here by Burgess,

Stringer, & Co., and by Wm. Taylor & Co. The fame of these is almost universal, and deservedly so. The latter in No. 8 reaches the end of the first volume; the former is very nearly complete.

The Dead Shot—By J. B. Buckstone.—New York: Wm. Taylor & Co.—This is a part (of the minor drama) which we have so frequently had occasion to laud, and which is very well done by the publishers. The name of the author always recommends his farces.

Fletcher's Bible—New York: Virtue & Co.—This keeps up its denomination as to the beauty of the publication. The present No. has a fine representation of an Arab camp.

American Chess Magazine.—Edited by C. H. Sanley, Esq.—New York: Martin.—This, we may safely say, gets better and better. The present number treats of the openings of games, the double game, a question of precedent, and much else of what is very interesting to the Chess Player.

The Dowerless.—By Madame Charles Reybeau.—New York: Graham.—This is a novel, and we have not yet had time to read it, but report speaks well of it.

Hunt's Merchants Magazine, for April, 1847.—There needs no more than to keep the public in mind that this number is out.

Musical and Musical Intelligence.

Mr. U. C. Hill's Concert.—We are sorry to find that in consequence of the weather, Mr Hill put off his concert at the last moment and thereby disoblige many who came or who had bought tickets, and that last Tuesday, to which it was put off, gave but a blank account of the concert.

The Oratorio of Judas Maccabeus by Handel, was performed on Thursday evening, by the members of the Musical Institute, under the direction of the celebrated George Loder; we need hardly say that it was well done, and gave great satisfaction to a numerous auditory.

The Drama.

We shall have to report next week the new play of "Wismuth & Co." at the Park Theatre, and two performances of the New Opera Company from Havannah, they being too late in the week for this week's number.

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

WAR OFFICE, March 2.—1st Drag. Gds.—B. Tomlin Gent. to be Corn. by pur., v. Brise, who rets.; 7th Drag. Gds.—Corn. J. T. Crauer, to be Lt. by pur., v. Riddel who rets.; W.S. Wood Gent. to be Corn. by pur., v. Crauer. 14th Light Drags.—Corn. and Adj. R. P. Apthorp, to have the rank of Lt.; Corn. R. T. Woodman to be Lt. without pur., v. Barrett, dec.; A. J. Cureton Gent. to be Corn. without pur., v. Woodman; Surg. A. Stewart, fin. the 61st Ft. to be Surg., v. Smyth, app. to 87th Ft. 4th Ft.—Ens. J. R. Lovett, to be Lt. by pur., v. Chetwood app. to 8th Light Drags; Ens. E. M. Purvis, fin. 74th Ft. to be Ens., v. Lovett. 12th Ft.—Ens. E. Foster to be Adj., with the rank of Lt.; R. N. Irving Gent., to be Ens. without pur., v. Foster app. Adj. 14th Ft.—F. Le Mesurier Gent. to be Ens. without pur., v. Dumas, dec. 16th Ft.—Ens. G. De la Poer Beresford to be Lt. by pur., v. Ferguson, who rets.; B. C. Blackburn Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Beresford. 37th Foot—Lieut. H. B. Phipps to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Parkinson who rets.; Ensign J. L. George, to be Lieut. by purchase vice Phipps; W. Pollard, Gent. to be Ensign by purchase, vice George. 42d Foot—Ensign S. D. Abercromby to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Bethune, who rets.; J. W. Balfour to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Abercromby; H. Montgomery, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Cameron, appointed to the 1st Foot Guards. 57th Foot—Capt. F. W. Colthurst, from half-pay 73th Foot, to be Capt. vice G. Edwards, who exchanges, receiving the difference; Lieut. J. Anmuty to be Capt. by purchase, vice Colthurst, who rets.; Ensign George Armstrong to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Anmuty; Henry Butler, Gent. to be Ensign by purchase, vice Armstrong. 61st Foot—Assist.-Surg. P. Gammie, from 80th Foot, to be Surg. vice Stewart, appointed to the Light Drags. 74th Foot—P. S. Crawley, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Purvis, appointed to the 4th Foot. 80th Foot—H. C. Lucas, Gent. to be Assist.-Surg. v. Gammie, prom. in the 61st Ft.—84th Ft.: Ens. C. P. Beague to be Lt. by pur. v. Bentinck, prom. in Cape Mounted Riflemen; Ens. F. J. G. Saunders, from 56th Ft. to be Ens. v. Beague.—87th Ft.: Surg. R. D. Smyth, from 14th Light Drags, to be Surg. v. R. A. Pearson, M.D. who rets. upon h.-p.—Ceylon Rifle Regt.—Lt. R. Watson, to be Capt. without pur.—Cape Mounted Riflemen.—Lt. A. C. Bentinck, from 84th Ft. to be Capt. by pur. v. G. E. Cannon, who rets.—Brevet—Capt. F. W. Colthurst, of 57th Ft. to be Maj. in the Army.—Hospital Staff.—James M'Nab, M.D. to be Assist. Surg. to the Forces, v. S. H. Hardy, M. D. who rets. upon h.-p.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, Feb. 27.—Ryl. Regt. of Artill.—Sergt.-Maj. W. Elliott to be Qrtrmstr.—Corps of Ryl. Engineers.—Sec. Capt. H. D. Harness to be Capt.; Sec. Capt. E. T. Ford to be Capt. v. Wortham, placed on the Sec. List; First Lt. P. J. Hornby to be Sec. Capt. v. Ford; Sec. Lt. J. T. Burke to be First Lt. v. Hornby; Sec. Lt. F. E. Cox to be First Lt. v. Galton, placed on the Seconded List.

WAR OFFICE, March 5.—1st Regt. of Life Guards—Cornet E. R. Dodwell, from the 17th Lt. Drags. to be Corn. and Sub.-Lt. v. Graham, who exchs.—8th Drag. Gds.—Vet. Surg. G. Johnston has been permitted to res. his com.—6th Dgs.—Lt. C. C. Shute to be Capt. by pur., v. Davidson, who ret.; Sec. Lt. A. Lowther, from the Rifle Brig., to be Lt. by pur. v. Shute. 11th Lt. Dgs.—Reg. Sgt.-Maj. J. Gilleland to be Qrtrmstr., v. F. Collins, who ret. upon h.-p. 17th Lt. Drags.—Corn. and Sub Lt. F. U. Graham, from 1st Life Gds. to be Corn. v. Dodwell, who exchs.—1st or Grenadier Regt. of Ft. Gds.—Capt. Hon. C. R. Pakenham, from 69th Ft. to be Lt. and Capt. v. Purves, who exchs.—8th Regt. of Ft.—Ens. M. Kay Rynd to be Lt. by pur. v. Stone, who rets.; Ens. A. J. Robertson, from 78th Ft. to be Ens. v. Rynd; Ens. J. V. W. H. Webb, from the Cape Mounted Riflemen, to be Ens. v. Howell, who rets.—30th Ft.: Maj. J. G. Geddes to be Lt.-Col. by pur. v. Ormond, who rets.; Capt. S. J. L. Nicoll to be Maj. by pur. v. Geddes; Lt. R. D. O'Grady to be Capt. by pur. v. Nicoll; Graham Le Fevre Dickson, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Ludesay, who rets.—48th Ft.: Assist.-Surg. Geo. T. Woodman, M.D. from the 3d We I. Regt. to be Assist.-Surg. v. Dickson, prom. on the Staff.—60th Ft.: Brevet Lt.-Col. G. Tovey, from half-pay unatt. to be Major, v. E. C. Giffard, who exchs.; changes; Capt. J. H. Trevelyan to be Major, by pur. v. Tovey, who rets.; Lt. R. F. W. Sibthorp to be Capt. by pur. v. Trevelyan; Sec. Lt. F. A. St. John to be First Lt. by purchase, v. Sibthorp; R. J. E. Robertson, Gent. to be Sec. Lt. by purchase, v. St. John. 69th Ft.—Lt. and Capt. J. H. Purves, from 1st or Grenadier Gds. to be Capt. v. Pakenham, who exchs. 78th Ft.—D. D. Grant hame, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Robertson, appointed in 8th Ft. 3d Wes.

India Regt.—H.S. Sanders, Gent. to be Assist.-Surg. by Woodman, appointed to the 46th Ft. Cape Mounted Riflemen—R. J. Bramly, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v Webb, appointed to the 8th Ft. Hospital Staff—Assist. Surg. J. Dickson, from 48th Ft. to be Staff-Surg. of the Sec. Class. v Goodwin, dec. Brevet Lt.-Col. G. Tovey, of the 60th Ft. to be Col. in the Army. Unattached—Brevet Lt.-Col. G. D. Hall, from Major on half-pay Royal Staff Corps, to be Lt.-Col. without pur.; Capt. W. D. Deverell, from the 1st West India Regt. to be Major, without pur. Garrisons—Major-Gen. H. J. Riddell to be Governor of Edinburgh Castle, v Lieut. Gen. Sir N. Douglas, K.C.B.

IN A FEW DAYS WILL BE PUBLISHED
THE MILLER OF MARTIGNE.
A ROMANCE.—BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.
Author of "The Roman Traitor," "Marmaduke Wyvil," "The Brothers,"
"Cromwell," Etc.

NEW-YORK: PUBLISHED BY RICHARDS AND CO., 30 ANN STREET.
This is a work of surpassing interest and is quite equal if not superior to the "Roman Traitor" or "Marmaduke Wyvil." March 30.

NOW READY,
PIQUILLO ALLIAGA
OR THE
MOORS UNDER PHILIP THE THIRD OF SPAIN.
A Historical Romance from the French of
EUGENE SCRIBE. March 30.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.
MRS. BAILEY, PRINCIPAL.
No. 10 Carroll Place, Bleeker-St., New York.

THE plan of this institution, which it is believed, is well known, and has been established for sixteen years, comprises a general and extensive system of instruction, and offers high advantages to Parents who may wish their daughters to receive a thorough and accomplished education. It is situated in one of the most convenient and pleasant streets in the upper part of the City of New York. The lines of omnibuses around and within the city, afford a convenient access to the various ferries, and an easy communication with any part of the surrounding country. The location of the house is eminently healthy, and within a few minutes walk of several of the finest parks in the city; it is a spacious, elegant, and commodious building, affording a large number of apartments for the lodging, for the study, and for the recreations of the Young Ladies.

Mrs. Bailey is about to make important additions to the establishment, and will be assisted by the most efficient teachers in each department of instruction. They will include generally, from twelve to fourteen; several of whom reside in the family, and devote their time exclusively to the benefit and instruction of the Young Ladies under their charge. The course embraces all that is necessary to a complete and accomplished education; the Text books are selected with much care. With respect to the discipline of the mind, and the acquisition of useful knowledge, the greatest solicitude is constantly felt.

The School is divided into the Juvenile, Junior, and Senior Department. The best teachers are employed in the French Department; this language is taught daily to all the pupils, and with the Latin, is included in the terms for English Tuition. Vocal Music, both Sacred and Secular, is also taught throughout the School, by a distinguished Professor. Terms for Italian, Spanish, German, Drawing, Painting, Music, &c. will depend upon those of the Professors employed. Faithful and unwearied attention is constantly given that the pupils may be thorough in every branch of study they pursue, that they form correct, intellectual, and moral habits; that they have respectful, kind, and amiable manners.

The School is in session from the 7th of September to the 16th of July: the period being divided into four Quarters—several commencing on the 7th of September, 23rd of November, 13th of February, and the 1st of May; but pupils are received at any intermediate period, the proportion of the Quarter only being charged. For further particulars a line addressed to Mrs. Bailey, at her residence, will receive immediate attention.
April 3-2m.

LAW AGENCY, IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

THOMAS WARNER, 18 City Hall-place New York City, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery &c. &c., begs to inform Europeans, their descendants, and others interested in business in Europe, that he will attend to any matters that may be intrusted to him relating to property, estates, debts &c. or to any legal business, necessary to be transacted in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

Arrangements of an extensive and peculiar kind just completed by T. W. will ensure that the business with which he may be favoured, will be conducted with energy and despatch in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom.

Thomas Warner has been honored by the permission of the following eminent and distinguished gentlemen to refer to them as to his character and responsibility.

Anthony Barclay, Esq. British Consul &c. New York City; The Hon W. H. Seward, ex Governor of the State of New York; The Honourable John W. Edmunds, Circuit Judge of the first Circuit &c. New York City; Honourable A. H. Mickle, Mayor of the City of New York; Honourable F. A. Talmadge, ex-Recorder of New York and member of Congress elect; George W. Matsell, Esq. Chief of Police of the City of New York; Messrs. Jessop & Son, Steel manufacturers, New York, and Sheffield, England.
Jan. 23—3m.

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand.
July 7-ly.

WARTON'S ERVALENTA.

CONSTIPATION (COSITIVENESS) DESTROYED
"Obstinate, intractable and habitual Constipation (Cositiveness) not only totally overcome, but also completely destroyed without using either purgatives, injections or baths, by a natural, simple, agreeable and infallible means, recently discovered in France by M. Warton, 68 Rue Richelieu, Paris." Price 30 cents.

A PERUSAL OF THIS TREATISE cannot fail to dispel all doubt in the mind of any reader of the genuine character and great importance of this discovery which has agitated France, England, and the Continent with its remarkable results. This great remedy is a light, palatable, and delicious FOOD called "Ervaleuta"—a Vegetable Farina—in some respects resembling Arrow-root.

The Treatise and Ervaleuta constantly on hand at the National Depot of Warton, of Paris, expressly established for their sale, at HENRY JOHNSON'S Drug and Chemical store, in the Granite Building, 273 Broadway, corner Chambers-st.

Purchasers must remember that there is no genuine Ervaleuta but Warton's.
March 13-3m.*

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION, AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE OFFICE.

PASSAGE FROM, AND DRAFTS TO, ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. Persons wishing to send for their friends, in any part of the Old Country, will find the subscriber's arrangements for 1847, most complete, and calculated in every way to ensure satisfaction to all who may make arrangements with them to bring their friends across the Atlantic. The subscribers are agents for

THE NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

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The above magnificent packets are all new York built ships of the very first class, built expressly for the Liverpool passenger trade, and fitted up with special regard for the comfort and convenience of passengers; they are commanded by men of experience, and are not surpassed for speed by any ships afloat. Their sailing days from Liverpool are on the 6th and 11th of every month, on which days they leave punctually.

In addition to the above splendid ships, the subscribers are also Agents for the ST. "GEORGE'S AND THE UNION LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS, composed in part of the following favourite and well-known ships, viz.: "The America," St. George, Empire, St. Patrick, Rappahannock, Marston, Sea, &c. &c., which, together with the new line, make six ships per month, or one every five days, from Liverpool; thus preventing the possibility of delay at that port. Passage from any part of Ireland to Liverpool, can be secured at the lowest rates. Every information given by applying to

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Drafts supplied for any amount from £1, upwards, payable throughout the United Kingdom.
Feb. 27.]

ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

THE SIXTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the St. George's Society, of the City of New York, will take place at the City Hotel, at 5 o'clock P.M. on Friday the 23rd day of April instant, when the members and friends of the Society are respectfully invited to attend. Tickets may be had at the following places:—

Thomas Warner, No. 18 City Hall-place
Dr. Bradshaw, No. 11 Barclay-st.
Joseph H. Ash, No. 292 Broadway,
George Johnson, No. 11 Spruce-st. and 234 Sixth Avenue.

Stewards.

Apr. 10-2t.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

Would direct the attention of the public to the following brief account of the present condition of this institution, and of the effort now making to increase its importance and usefulness.

The institution is now, in every respect, prosperous. It is free from financial embarrassment; its real estate, independent of its books, far exceeds in value the amount of its obligations; and its income provides for its current expenses, and for considerable annual additions to the Library. It has recently erected a noble library edifice in a central situation, on the principal street of the city, spacious enough for a library of more than a hundred thousand volumes. Its present library numbers forty thousand, generally well-selected volumes (many of which are rare and costly); it may therefore be said to have laid the foundation for a library of the first class, and such the trustees are determined to make it, if the public will foster it as the importance of the object deserves.

Attached to the library is a convenient and commodious reading room, well supplied with the home and foreign journals and newspapers, which offers every accommodation, both for quiet reading and a rapid glance at the news of the day. One of the objects now in view is to transfer this department of the library to the first floor of the building, to render it more accessible to persons whose time is limited, and to extend the library proper over the whole of the second floor.

The institution is not, as many have supposed, an exclusive one. Any person of fair character may become a member of it on application to the librarian, and enjoy its privileges by paying twenty-five dollars, the price of a share, and an annual assessment of six dollars; the latter may be commuted at any time by the payment of seventy-five dollars.

This is the condition and character of the institution, in whose benefit the public are now invited to participate, and for whose advancement their co-operation is solicited. It is hoped that every friend to the moral and intellectual improvement of our city, every parent who would furnish various and valuable reading to his children, every one who seeks an occasional retreat from the toils and tumults of business, in a word, every one who knows the value of a great library in a great metropolis, and is not now a member of this institution, will immediately become one, and that those who are already members of it will lend their active and efficient aid in raising it to the rank which the trustees are now aiming to give it. If this is done, the trustees pledge themselves to the public that nothing shall be wanting on their part to carry out this great object, and enable the institution to attain a character, and present an aspect of extent and importance that will make it the boast and honor of the commercial metropolis of the Union.
Feb. 13—1f.

THE EXERCISE OF CRICKET.

Will be published, early in April next,
THE MANUAL OF CRICKET.

COMPRISING the Laws of the Game, some account of its history, and of the progressive improvements made therein, Directions and Instructions in the Practice and Play of this manly and athletic Exercise, and suggestions as to Variations and Applications of it, so as to afford satisfactory recreation to small numbers of players. The whole being intended as a complete Cricketer's Guide. With numerous Illustrations, Embellishments, and diagrams.
By Alex. D. Paterson.

By way of appendix to this work, there will be added the body and everything important of "Felix on the Bat."

N. B.—Booksellers will be supplied on reasonable terms, by applying to the Author at the "Anglo-American" Office, New York.

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Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The Sarsaparilla can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits: South Bolton, Canada East, April 18, 1846.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard.
JOHN M. NORRIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true.
REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.

Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Galusha:—

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 22, 1845.
Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,
WM. GALUSHA.

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The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

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 Cashier—Henry E. Cutlip, Esq.

An Act in respect to insurance for lives for the benefit of married women, passed by the Legislature of New-York, 1st April, 1840.

Pamphlets, blank forms, tables of rates, lists of agents, &c. &c. obtained at the Chief Office 74 Wall-st. 134 Bowery, or from either of the Agents throughout the United States, and British North American Colonies.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent
 for the United States and B. N. A. Colonies.
 New York, 8th Jan. 1847. Jan. 16th

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c

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GARRICK,	B. I. H. Task,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCUS,	Asa Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
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These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

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Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1-2 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

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NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

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Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Waterloo,	W. H. Allen,	Mar. 11, July 11, Nov. 11.	Ap. 26, Aug. 26, Dec. 26.
John R. Skiddy,	James C. Luce,	Ap. 11, Aug. 11, Dec. 11.	May 26, Sept. 26, Jan. 26.
Stephen Whitney,	C. W. Popham,	May 11, Sept. 11, Jan. 11.	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26.
Virginian,	F. P. Allen,	June 11, Oct. 11, Feb. 11.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.

These ships are of the first class, their accommodations being unsurpassed for room, elegance, and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and the interests of Importers.

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NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	Apr. 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to **GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N. Y.,** or to **CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.** My 31st.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sehor,	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators! Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to **GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st.,** or to **JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.** My 24th.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16
Fidella, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 16
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to **GOODHUE & Co., 44 South-st.,** or **C. H. MARSHAL, 28 Burling-st., N. Y.,** or **ARING, BROTH & Co.**

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